

*The American*  
**LEGION**  
M O N T H L Y

MAY 1932

25 CENTS



PETER B. KYNE • RUPERT HUGHES  
FREDERICK PALMER • THOMAS F. DOUGHERTY





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*for* **ETHYL**  
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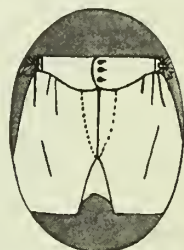
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MAY, 1932

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M O N T H L Y



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COVER DESIGN: MORE POWER TO AMERICA

THINK FAST!

WAR IN WASHINGTON'S TIME AND NOW

*Illustrations by William Heaslip*

DEADLIER THAN DYNAMITE

THE DEBT: *Part One*

*Illustrations by Raymond Sisley*

THE COAST BACKS THE FUTURE

DESERTED DOLLARS

*Illustration by Forrest C. Crooks*

THE ROAD OF LEAST RESISTANCE

THE LITTLE FELLOWS

*Illustration by Neil O'Keeffe*

TO EVERY TOWN AND CITY

"IT'S NOT ALL DONE YET"

THE WILL FINDS THE WAY: *A Competition for Legion Posts*

PORTLAND

*Cartoons by Wallgren*

A GENTLEMAN FROM MISSOURI

'T WAS AN ILL WIND—

MORE BEDS

THEY ARE MORE THAN POPPIES

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## FOR ALL LEGIONNAIRE CAMERA OWNERS

PRIZES of more than fifty dollars will be paid for the best Legion activity photographs appearing in each issue of the Monthly. You don't have to be an expert photographer to win a prize, and if you win you give your post a place in the Legion's Gallery of Fame. See the announcement on page 64.

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# THINK *Fast!*

*By John R. Tunis*

In most branches of sport a good big man is better than a good little man. But if the little man is the faster thinker in a pinch, well—

SOME years ago Senorita Lili de Alvarez, the pretty and charming Spanish tennis star, was making her first appearance at the great British championships at Wimbledon. Entering the sacred hallway of the All England Club which is located underneath the concrete stadium, she observed an elderly woman in a faded black dress sitting outside the door of the ladies' dressing room. Dropping her bags and her still more numerous racquets on the floor, the champion remarked:

"Put my things in the dressing room immediately, please. And you can take the racquets around to the Number One Court."

The elderly woman in the faded black dress looked up, but did not move. She was a member of the British Royal Family!

An instance, rare by the way, when Lili de Alvarez failed to use her head. I tell this true story merely to show how necessary it is in big time sport to be on one's toes every minute. One's brain must never stop working. Probably the greatest value of athletics, a quality that is not often mentioned and never stressed, is that it demands quick thinking. To be successful in sport you must use your head. The keener the competition, the better the class, the more you must have brains. And keep them moving.

The late Knute Rockne always insisted that his teams be thinking teams, that they think on their feet. He set them many a good example. Harry Stuhldreher, one of the famous Four Horsemen, tells how Rockne actually out-thought his own men. Stuhldreher had bruised the nerves of his throwing arm so badly that every time he raised his hand the arm went dead. He couldn't even toss a ball underhand, nor did any amount of massaging or treatment help. With the big game against the Army only a few days distant.

Rockne looked carefully at the injured arm, saw the treatment was no good, and told Stuhldreher not to worry. He knew a doctor in New York who had prepared a wonderful liniment for dead nerves, and this, he explained, would be applied by the rubber just previous to the Army game. When the team actually arrived in New York, the liniment

**For three years Barry Wood, Harvard quarterback, was a terror to his opponents. His ability to think in the pinches pulled him and his team out of many a hole**

was procured, and before the eleven took the field it was well massaged into Stuhldreher's arm. After the healing oils had penetrated sufficiently, a hot pad was placed on it. Stuhldreher went into the contest, played magnificently and chucked pass after pass without any pain. But the next day the arm went dead again. Rockne laughed. He confessed that the wonderful liniment was the same stuff used at Notre Dame, simply put into another bottle. He realized that in the thrill of the conflict the player would forget his ailment completely. Which was exactly what happened.

Rockne used his head. He thought on his feet. Every great athlete in history, and you can go all down the line from little Frank Hinkey, Yale's 145-pound All-American end to Bobby Jones, golfer without a peer, had a head. And used it in action. The winning athlete, the really star performer is the player who thinks while he is playing. The finest (Continued on page 59)

**Helen Wills Moody doesn't very often have to bring extraordinary headwork to the assistance of her superlative stroking. But she has done it, and superbly**





# Let me help You get a GOVERNMENT POSITION!

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MAY, 1932

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Address .....

City ..... State .....



CITIES SERVICE COMPANY

SIXTY WALL STREET

NEW YORK, N Y

April 25, 1932.

An Open Letter to  
THE AMERICAN LEGION:-

We are taking this opportunity of announcing to you that we are going to run an advertising campaign in the AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY.

We are frank to admit that this advertising campaign is purely selfish. We've got the best line of gasoline and oils we ever saw (to put it mildly) and we are trying to sell you on the idea of using them. We looked around for a good place to tell our story and we picked out the AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY. Here, we said to ourselves, is a magazine with a circulation of over a million and the readers are all men. And we use that word not just to mean males but to mean real red-blooded he-Americans.

Those are the kind of people we want to tell about our oils, and our gasolenes, because those are the type of men who will appreciate the fact that Cities Service is an American organization and that they can really get better performance out of their cars using home-grown products.

Through past experience we have found that it is a pleasure to work with the Legion. And we'd like to do more of it. We're sure you'll profit by at least knowing about our products. So be on the lookout and watch for our ads as they appear. You'll find their message extremely worth while, and if you're in a Cities Service neighborhood, you'll find real products and real service at the black and white Cities Service pumps.

Yours very truly,

*Cities Service Oils*

To  
THE AMERICAN LEGION  
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
AT LARGE -



# WAR in Washington's time and NOW

*By Rupert Hughes*

*Illustrations by  
William Heaslip*

BEING at the butt end of a big joke is never much fun, and George Washington enjoyed it a little less than the average, though it did not happen to him often.

But once he had the whole country laughing at him and he was infuriated. Nothing could show more vividly how much change has taken place in war-making since his time.

He had driven the British out of Boston after a long siege and had moved on to New York, where he was soon faced by overwhelming British odds, badly defeated on Long Island and suddenly almost surrounded and captured on Manhattan Island, when the British after mysterious delays suddenly took the obvious step of trying to bottle him up by landing north of him.

Methods of communication were so lacking in New York City that it was almost impossible to get word to the scattered regiments that the British would cut them off unless they skedaddled. There were no telephones or other modern signaling equipment and horsemen had to ride hither and yon. Young Aaron Burr, for instance, brought just in time the warning that saved Alexander Hamilton from capture and perhaps death, for which he was most ironically rewarded.

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**"Graft, profiteering, desertion and selfishness have characterized all wars"**

---

Washington was driven to White Plains and beyond, then nearly captured in Fort Mifflin, which he left only a few minutes before it was surrounded. The British crossed the Hudson and the garrison at Fort Mifflin barely got away. Then Washington was chased all the way across New Jersey and across the Delaware River, where his foresight in taking all the boats with him stopped the hot pursuit.

He was planning to retire into the western mountains and live as an outlaw when he got his chance to gobble up the Hessian outpost at Trenton. He crossed the Delaware in retreat and then, not being followed, crossed again and was so delayed by the unwillingness of his soldiers to remain unless guaranteed their pay that the British came up and caught him in a jam. He escaped only by the amazing indolence of the British and the desperate step of leaving his camp fires burning and a ring of sentinels to pass the night calls while he and his men stole off behind the enemy. He ran into a small British force at Princeton, smashed it and took refuge in the hills at Morristown.



A soldier of Washington's army had to go through nineteen motions to load his gun



Suddenly, by a series of strangely lucky dodges, he had recovered the lost State of New Jersey, enabled Congress to return to Philadelphia whence it had fled, and gained enormous reputation as a great strategist.

Now it is perfectly evident that none of these things could have happened as they did if either army had had any of the most commonplace equipment of the most ill-equipped modern armies.

It was at this time that the laugh was turned on Washington.

Finding himself happily posted on heights from which the British could not drive him, he noted that they held only a little of the Jersey coast and the city of New York. It occurred to him that if a sudden attack were made on New York City from the north, one of two things would happen. The British would have to withdraw their troops

from New Jersey to meet it, or they would suffer a heavy loss of ground in the upper part of Manhattan Island. A sudden and powerful rush might even capture the city and its supplies, leaving the troops on the Jersey shore at his mercy.

It was a magnificent opportunity for an audacious stroke and if his officers and soldiers had been trained and disciplined, well supplied, well officered and well led, he might have ended the war at once in a blaze of glory. His hopes were so high that the ridiculous result enraged him.

Bear in mind that Morristown is less than thirty miles from Harlem as the crow flies—or as the carrier pigeon would have flown if they had used carrier pigeons then in his army. A motorcycle messenger would have reached the men in an hour. An airplane would carry a message in half an hour at most. A telephone or telegraph would have carried it in half a minute. But note how poor Washington had to manage.

On Sunday, January 5, 1777, while still uncertain of escape from Cornwallis' pursuit, Washington spent a Sunday at Pluckemin, New Jersey, and wrote to General Heath, who had some troops north of New York, to "move down towards New York with a considerable force, as if you had a design upon the city. You will retain four thousand of the militia coming on from the New England governments for the expedition."

Two days later he wrote from Morristown to General Lincoln: "General Heath will communicate mine of this date to you, by which you will find, that the greatest part of your troops are to move down towards New York, to draw the attention of the enemy to that quarter, and if they do not throw a considerable body back again, you may in all probability carry the city, or at least blockade them in it . . . I have only to beg of you to be as expeditious as possible in moving forward, for the sooner a panic-struck enemy are followed, the better. If we can oblige them to evacuate Jersey, we must drive them to the utmost

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"It is easy to disparage the military arrangements of 1776, but perhaps the warriors of a hundred and fifty years hence will think that our gigantic inventions are mere toys for nursery struggles. I predict that in 2082 another war, the *n*th 'war to end war,' will be raging, with a Bigger and Better Bertha firing from an emplacement to a crater on the moon"

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distress; for, as I mentioned above, they have depended upon the supplies from that province for their winter support."

Washington's letter of January 5th to Heath took two whole days to reach him at Peekskill, according to Heath's Memoirs—a distance of forty miles by crow line. General Lincoln had already arrived with the New England militia and, Heath says, "Preparations were immediately put in train."

But it took a whole week for Heath to get his little force ready. January 13th he moved south a little but it was another week before he was ready to advance on King's Bridge, where his attack was to strike the first fort. He had three generals under him, General Lincoln marching from Dobbs' Ferry, General Wooster from New Rochelle, and General Scott from White Plains. They marched by night and, says Heath, "The several distances and rate of marching were so well calculated that, on the 18th, just before sunrise, the three divisions, although so far apart, arrived at the outposts of the enemy almost at the same instant."

So far, so good, and very good, except that Washington's order of January 5th from New Jersey required thirteen days to bring a few thousand men a night's march.

While shoeless sentries at Valley Forge were standing in their hats to keep their feet from the snow there were thousands of shoes and uniforms hidden away to be held for better prices





Unfortunately, two British light-horsemen scouting "came unexpectedly plump upon the head of Wooster's column. They attempted to turn about, but before it could be fully effected, a field-piece was discharged at them; one of them was pitched from his horse and taken prisoner, the other galloped back to the fort, holloing as he passed, 'The rebels! The rebels!'"

Having fired artillery at two vedettes the army rushed forward on Fort Independence and Heath paused to send in a demand for surrender. It was rather solemn and was answered with cannon, which was a surprise for the surprisers, who did not expect artillery in this fort. Heath's militia were uncommon cautious; the garrison, mostly Hessians, were stubborn; the siege dragged on and on. Heath, having only light field pieces, sent for heavier guns and got one "brass 24-pounder" and a howitzer. "On the third discharge of the former, she sprang her carriage; nor were there any live shells for the howitzer."

So that was the bombardment. Then, as usual, the weather took a hand. There was such a heavy rain "as to cause a great



little fort, and had abandoned the enterprise.

Heath's first demand that the garrison surrender was as badly magnified as the imaginary victory and Washington wrote him: "Your summons, as you did not attempt to fulfil your threats, was not only idle but farcical, and will not fail of turning the laugh exceedingly upon us."

Of course, the Hudson River was the great difficulty then, and it has always been a huge moat. The Hudson tubes beneath it were not opened until 1910, and the George Washington Bridge over it was not dedicated until 1931,

a hundred and fifty-four years after Heath tried to take Kings Bridge, which stood near Spuyten Duyvil where the Harlem river meets the Hudson.

To us, however, who would think nothing of telephoning to friends in Morristown to motor over for lunch, it is almost inconceivable that a rush message from Morristown should require two days to reach Peekskill and that news of a siege which had been abandoned on January 29th should not reach Morristown for five days.

In reading of the battles of the Revolution one constantly forgets the conditions and accuses the generals of intolerable lethargy in their movements. War is a slow business at best even in these days when troops move by train, cavalry horses are transported by motors, enormous cannon are shifted on flat cars or hustled along by tractors and heavy tanks can make their forty miles an hour on the concrete roads.

In Washington's day there were few roads and all of them bad. There were practically no maps and it was possible for a large part of Washington's army to get hopelessly lost in a one night march as at Germantown where a simultaneous arrival was vital and not one of the elements reached the rendezvous on the hour.

On January 26, 1777, Washington wrote to Congress:

"The want of accurate maps of the country, which has hitherto been the scene of war, has been of great disadvantage to me. I have in vain endeavored to procure them, and have been obliged to make shift with such sketches as I could trace out from my own observation, and that of gentlemen around me. I really think, if gentlemen of known character and probity could be employed in making maps, from actual (Continued on page 48)

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**"War is a slow business at best, even in these days when heavy tanks can make their forty miles an hour"**

---

fresh in the Brunx," then snow, and bitter cold and quarrels, and the appearance of British ships on the Hudson: so, on January 29th, Generals Lincoln, Wooster and Scott moved back to Dobbs' Ferry, New Rochelle and Tarrytown.

Hardly anybody was hurt on the grand expedition, but Washington's feelings were lacerated.

On January 5th he dreamed his dream of conquering New York. On January 17th he heard that the British had only a thousand men in the town and he knew that an army of several thousand militia was advancing against them.

The country was so hungry for news of victory that somebody who saw the two scouts running from the cannon and heard that one of them was captured started a glorious fable. As Heath said:

"This success at the out-posts flew through the country, and was soon magnified to a reduction of the fort, and capture of the garrison. It reached General Washington long before the official account and he had communicated the report to Congress; hence a double disappointment, when the true state of facts was received."

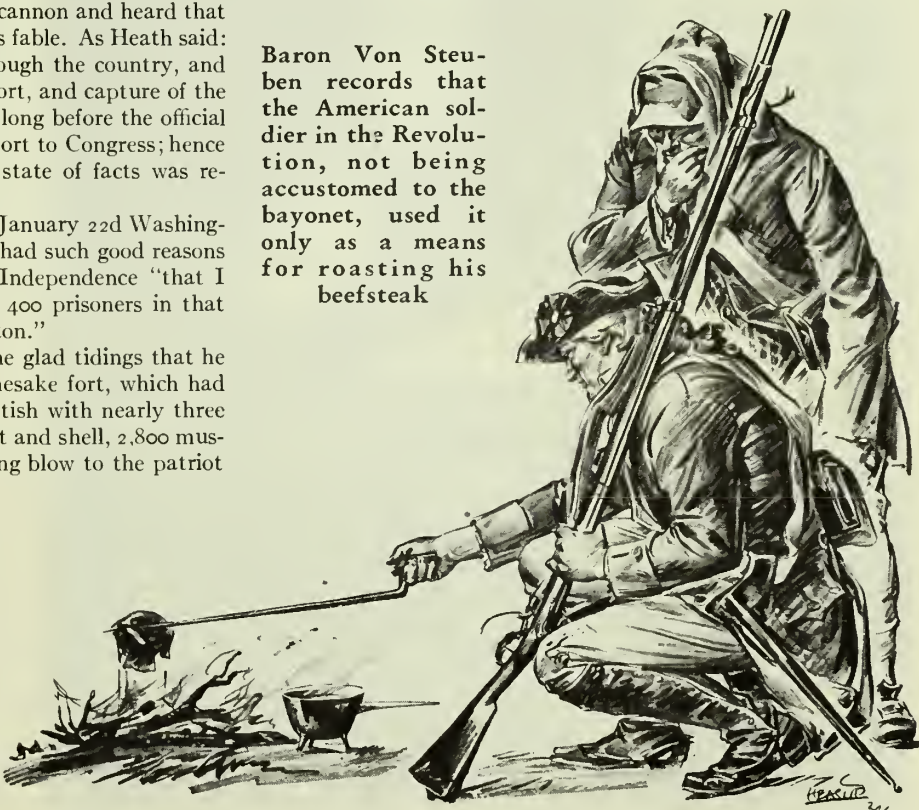
Disappointment was a mild word. On January 22d Washington wrote to Congress splendid news: He had such good reasons for believing in Heath's capture of Fort Independence "that I cannot doubt it. It is said that he took 400 prisoners in that Fort; and that he invested Fort Washington."

Three officers and a spy brought him the glad tidings that he was about to see the recapture of his namesake fort, which had surrendered two months before to the British with nearly three thousand prisoners, 146 cannon, 12,000 shot and shell, 2,800 muskets and 4,000,000 cartridges—a devastating blow to the patriot cause.

On January 27th he wrote to Heath, who was then still sitting on the cold hills outside the first obstacle, "If you can take possession of the city itself, I do not desire you to desist. I have not been favored with a line from you since the 19th, and that never reached me till this evening!"

It was not until February 3d that Washington received Heath's confession of January 30th that he could not get his militia even to attack the

**Baron Von Steuben records that the American soldier in the Revolution, not being accustomed to the bayonet, used it only as a means for roasting his beefsteak**





# DEADLIER *than* DYNAMITE

*By Thomas F. Dougherty*

*Assistant Chief, New York City Fire Department*

As told to PAUL W. KEARNEY

**Y**OU'VE seen houses blasted into smithereens by direct hits from, say, high-explosive shells. It's quite possible that you have seen or heard about one bit of destruction that has a direct bearing on this story. It was a two-story building in a small town whose name I've forgotten. On the second floor was a dance hall and at the time of the tragedy a merry party was in full swing. No one in this sector, far removed from any semblance of hostilities, was giving a thought to violent

death. Yet suddenly quick ears detected a murderous rumble in the clangor of the whoopee, followed instantly by a terrific explosion.

That two-story building was leveled flatter than your hand. There weren't two bricks left standing on each other, and when the rescuers finished poking through the débris they had collected thirty-eight bodies, twenty of them so badly mutilated they had to be buried in a common grave.

The only extraordinary detail about this case is that it didn't happen overseas during the war—it happened in Missouri just a few years ago. And the missile which caused all this death and destruction wasn't an aerial bomb or an artillery shell but another "high explosive" that gives me more of a shiver than dynamite or T.N.T.—the vapor from gasoline.

For the truth is that this familiar stuff is worthy of a great deal of respect that it doesn't get from laymen. The average man sees and handles it so often that he thinks nothing of it, and the fellow who would tread gently in the presence of dynamite or have a fit at the sight of a careless workman smoking a pipe on a keg of blasting powder is blithely careless in his treatment of a substance that is infinitely more dangerous than either of those. Government experts have fixed the explosive power of gasoline vapor at sixty-three times that of dynamite. And it

**See that chain? It rolls along in the wake of the truck carrying gasoline almost like a can attached to a dog's tail. But it is as important as an asbestos curtain in a theater or a parachute in an airplane**

seems to me that if more people realized this they would not be so reckless in their contacts with it—and we'd have much less trouble than we do. At the present time we are losing 2500 lives a year in the United States from the mishandling of inflammable liquids. And this factor, which did not appear among the first five common causes of fires in 1910, rated second on the list in New York City last year with nearly



## THE CONTACT THAT SPELLS SAFETY

The metal nozzle of the supply hose, any gasoline station attendant will tell you, must rest against the metal rim of the car's gas tank, otherwise the stage may be set for plenty of trouble

6,000 blazes to its credit. It is high time we did something about it, and unquestionably, the first step is to find out something about gasoline.

It is not difficult to see why it is such a hazardous commodity. First of all, it has a very low flash point—the temperature at which it gives off an explosive vapor. The National Fire Protection Association fixes 187 degrees Fahrenheit as the minimum flash point for a liquid that is to be classified as “inflammable”—gasoline's flash point is *zero*! Secondly, it is a highly volatile liquid, one pint being sufficient to produce 1,000 cubic feet of vapor. And, finally, the vapor produced has a specific gravity heavier than air which makes it seek the lower levels where it often remains in defiance of ordinary ventilation methods.

The sum and substance of all this is that a small quantity of gasoline can produce a great quantity of vapor which will be highly explosive when mixed with the right proportion of air and which needs only the impulse of a slight spark to touch it off. This is the first fact the average man overlooks, yet it is vital because when the conditions are right that vapor will not fail to explode with a violence often beyond belief. Down in Pittsburgh a vapor explosion wrecked a large, well-built industrial plant and killed eleven people in the débris, five or six of them children who had been playing in the street outside. And last winter when we had a blow down on Long Island an officer sitting back on the hind-legs of his chair in the cabin of a fire boat a half-mile away was dumped on the floor by the force of the blast.

ONE significant fact about all this is that the conditions need not be complicated in order to produce trouble. Out in Denver, for instance, a man walked across his yard to the garage smoking a cigar and when he opened the door he was greeted by a blast that blew him and the door clear across the street. And up in Hartford a man was killed when the handle of the broom with which he was sweeping out a small quantity of spilled gasoline struck and broke a lighted electric bulb. Naturally, the filament in that lamp remained aglow only the infinitesimal part of a second, but that was long enough to touch off the vapor. Similarly, sparks from an electric fan, sparks from a slipping wrench, sparks from the nails in a man's shoe—all these insignificant things, much less obvious hazards than the well-known cigarette, have killed men working around gasoline vapors.

It has been well said that the spark from a cat's back is sufficient to explode this stuff, but if you want to go even further than that into the “believe it or not” field, consider the case of the new driver for a gasoline distributor whose truck burned up one day. Investigation showed that he had not been in any way responsible for the fire, so he was given a new truck. In time that one burned up, too, and after a most rigorous investigation



again failed to produce any evidence of negligence on his part, he was put on a third truck.

When that one eventually went up in smoke, the officials held a council of war. They couldn't pin a thing on him—he had reliable and impartial eye-witnesses to prove that he was absolutely beyond reproach on each occasion so, as a last resort, the medical men were called in—and they solved the mystery. They found that the man's physical make-up was such that his body generated considerably more static electricity than normal. Hence when the atmosphere was dry and the necessary amount of friction provided, he just couldn't help but set fire to his trucks when he opened the valves that started the stuff running. Needless to say, they transferred him to a job where his “magnetism” wouldn't prove so dangerous!

I DON'T know of another case as unusual as this but I do know of dozens of instances where static electricity in other forms has raised havoc. One particularly graphic incident happened in California when a tank truck proceeded to replenish a filling station's fuel supply. The truck driver, according to eye witnesses, was not smoking and had struck no matches: he merely uncapped one of the tanks, inserted the hose and stood there, holding the hose in his hand as the stuff flowed. Suddenly a ball of fire appeared at the tip of the nozzle and after taking one quick look at the apparition, the driver dropped the hose and ran. Immediately an explosion let go that killed nine people and seriously injured forty-one others. Some of those who were killed were waiting for a street-car fifty feet from the spot—and the flash extended so far that leaves were burned off trees eighty-five feet distant!

Static again—generated in that hose (Continued on page 60)



# The DEBT

By Peter B. Kyne

Illustrations by  
Raymond Sisley

WHAT Happened When Top Sergeant Whipple, Former Detective, Met in His Infantry Company Two Gangsters Who Had Slain a Fellow Detective and Whom He Had Vowed He Would Kill at the First Opportunity

## Part One

FOR fifteen years Barney Whipple had not had a real vacation. Of course, under the rules of the Department, he was entitled to two weeks with pay each year, and this privilege he had always taken advantage of. Strictly speaking, however, he had never had a real vacation, for the very good reason that during the two weeks aforesaid he had never known what to do with himself. He had a building lot out in Pelham Manor and he used to go out and look at that, investigate the encroachments of the business section upon it and speculate on its probable sale value five years thence. He had a widowed sister living in Jersey City and he felt in duty bound to spend a few days with her and his numerous nephews and nieces. She was a querulous, disappointed, tired woman of many worries and Barney was supposed to listen to her complaints and sympathize with her, which he did very faithfully. Also, they would have thought it very unfriendly of him if he had failed to take his vacation on the first of July, so he could set off about twenty-five dollars' worth of fireworks with his sister's children on the Fourth of July. Then, too, he had to make a pilgrimage to Greenlawn Cemetery, to scrub the moss off his mother's tombstone, pluck weeds out of the grass that grew on her grave and with a whale-oil bath kill a certain species of bug that infested the leaves of the rose bush that grew there also.

Thus the first week passed. During the succeeding week some friend of his on the city detective force was certain to receive a wound in the line of duty, which necessitated a visit of condolence and friendship by Barney, provided the wound was not fatal. If fatal, he had to go to the wake and be a pall-bearer at the funeral. So he was lucky if he managed to get down to Long Branch for three swims in the surf, and take the river boat to Albany and back before his two weeks expired.

The principal obstacle to a successful vacation, however, lay in the fact that Barney Whipple was a slave to his profession—albeit some people may refer to it as a trade or a job, for Barney was a detective sergeant and, with his “partner,” Giovanni Bordelli (detectives

always work in pairs) was such an excellent detective that, beyond doubt, he could reasonably be said to have raised his vocation from a trade to a profession—to a fine art, in fact. He had the gift of enthusiasm plus a photographic brain—so he was always looking for somebody. Even on his alleged vacations he continued to search crowds for faces. And, of course, no man who carries his life-work with him on a vacation can be said to have a vacation.

When he was forty years old Barney Whipple felt that he must have a very long vacation. He was broken-hearted. His partner, Giovanni Bordelli, had been slain by two gangsters whom he, Bordelli, had surprised in the act of driving away with a truck-load of silk, stolen from a loft. Bordelli had been off duty at the time and was not even aware that a crime was being committed, but the gangsters had recognized him as he turned the corner and without an instant's hesitation had “given him the works.” The patrolman on that beat found him a few minutes later lying in the gutter, mortally wounded, and by this patrolman Giovanni Bordelli had sent a message to his partner, Barney Whipple.

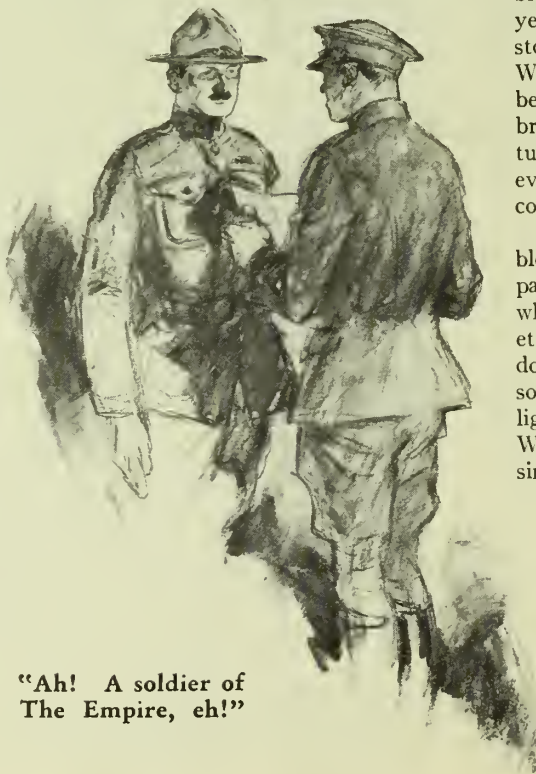
“Tell Barney Whipple the two that done me in was The Mon-goose an’ Nosey O’Kane,” he gasped. “Barney’ll pay the score.”

When Barney Whipple gazed upon the dead face of his partner just before the undertaker screwed the lid down on the coffin, he bent over and said to Giovanni: “All right, Joe partner. I got the names an’ I’ll remember the promise we made to each other. They’ll never come to trial, Joe. I’ll kill ‘em both for resistin’ arrest.”

Then he did an extraordinary thing. He kissed Giovanni on the brow. They had been pals for thirty-odd years, they had been through many a stormy passage together and Barney Whipple loved him. Theirs had not been the love of friend for friend or brother for brother, but the love, tinctured with faith and admiration for every manly quality, of comrade for comrade.

They had been raised in the same block. Giovanni was the son of Genoese parents; a blond, blue-eyed Italian whose father made little bisque statuettes and peddled them in a basket from door to door. He had bequeathed to his son an excess of imagination and intelligence. From his Celtic mother Barney Whipple had been the beneficiary of a similar endowment; hence, when both joined the force it just wasn't in the nature of things that they should continue to pound the pavement. Within three years both were detective sergeants.

They were a formidable pair. To their natural abilities they had added by intensive study of criminology and this, backed up by daily experience with crim-



“Ah! A soldier of  
The Empire, eh!”





Bedlow pawned a wrist watch and Maher pawned a diamond ring

inals, gave them a rare insight into criminal psychology. To their pursuit of the underworld denizens they brought something of the gusto of a sporting interest. They were untiring, they never relaxed, they never forgot a face or the details of a crime and they loathed failure. What one lacked the other had; working singly or with any other partner they might have been merely excellent detective sergeants, but working together they were unbeatable.

For the lost Giovanni, Barney Whipple grieved with the silent, profound grief of a masterless dog. The old zest had gone out of his profession and he lived now for but one purpose—to track down The Mongoose and Nosey O’Kane and slay them as mercilessly as they had slain his partner. It was an obsession with him.

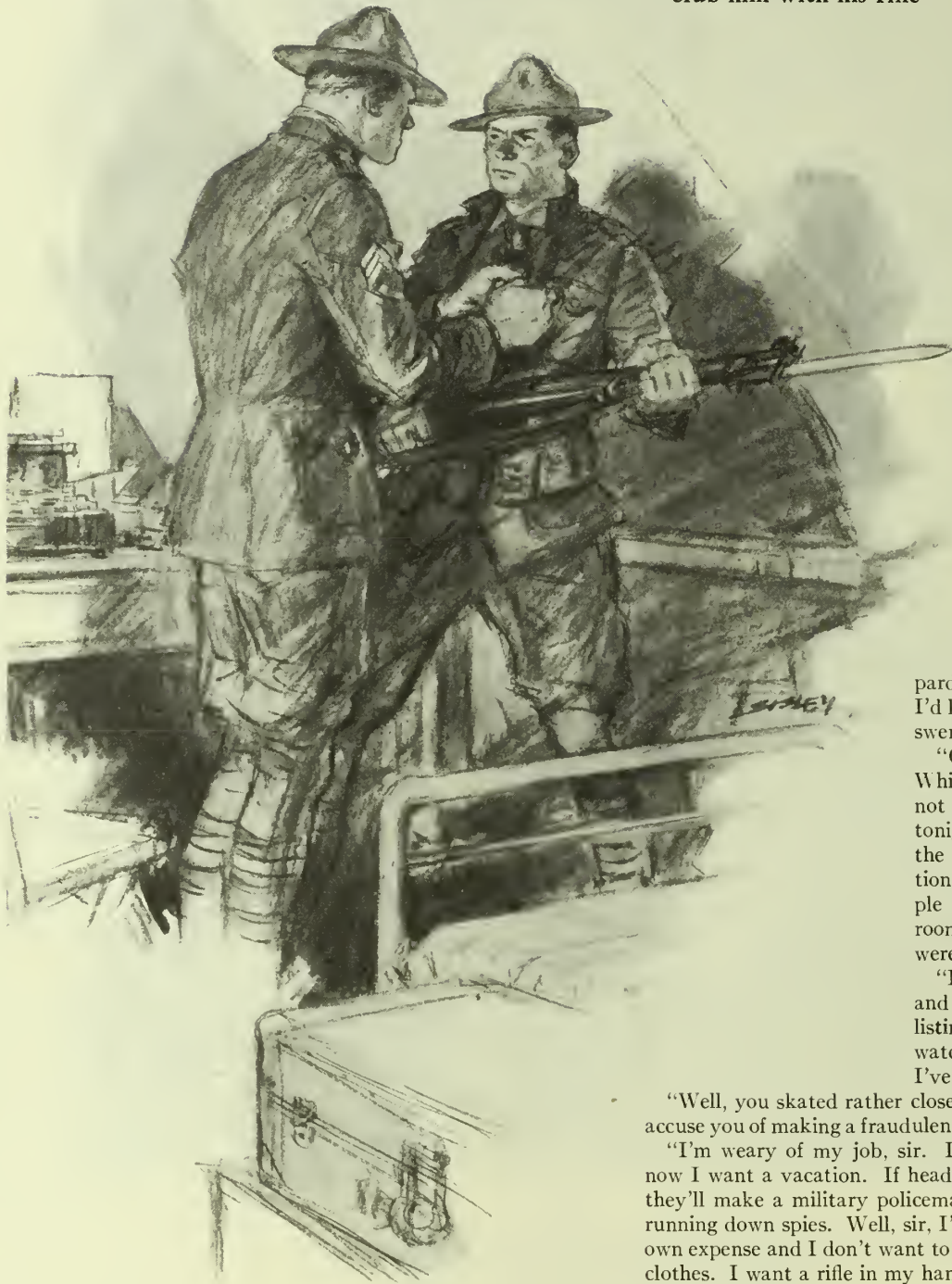
But The Mongoose and Nosey O’Kane knew that Barney Whipple survived and must be reckoned with. A half hour after they had shot Giovanni down they had delivered the stolen silk and received payment; in a stolen car they were headed for Canada. They were lower East Side gangsters, and they had Sing Sing records; while they disliked leaving New York they con-

sidered discretion the better part of valor. So they fled, nor with all his cunning and hard work could Barney Whipple find a single clue to their whereabouts. At the end of a year of futile labor he was heartsick and despairing; and it was about this time that he decided he must have a long vacation.

The Great War provided the opportunity. In his late teens he and Giovanni Bordelli had served three years in a regular infantry regiment; he was a veteran of the Spanish War, the Filipino Insurrection and the Boxer campaign. Hence, when The Call came and he knew himself still fit for active service he felt again the old longing for that which all of his kind, habituated to strict discipline and loving it, refer to as the wild, free life of a soldier. He had been in a rut too long; he had to have a change, so with the impulsiveness of his fifty percent Celtic blood, he turned in his shield and within twenty-four hours was headed for Fort Snelling, Minnesota. As a volunteer he was entitled to choose his branch of the service and his regiment—so he went back to the old outfit, at his own expense.



For an instant he thought  
the other was going to  
club him with his rifle



old regiment, Private Whipple." He had observed that Barney Whipple had been discharged with character excellent, service honest and faithful, and an added "kick" in his former company commander's handwriting on the bottom of the discharge: "This man is one of the finest soldiers I have ever known. He is sober, trustworthy and extraordinarily intelligent. It has been his misfortune to serve in a company in which the non-commissioned officers, having been carefully selected, seldom lose their chevrons. Had there been a vacancy I would have made him a sergeant."

"What have you been doing all these years in civil life, Sergeant Whipple?" the captain queried interestedly.

"I beg the captain's pardon. Private Whipple, sir. And I'd like, if the captain pleases, to answer that question in private."

"Certainly. And I said Sergeant Whipple, not Private Whipple. Do not contradict me. You'll be made tonight at retreat." He inspected the remaining recruits and questioned them, then nodded to Whipple to follow him into his orderly room. They were alone. "Well, what were you, Whipple?"

"I was a detective sergeant, sir, and I'm on my vacation. When enlisting I gave my occupation as watchman. That really isn't a lie. I've been watching criminals."

"Well, you skated rather close to a fib, Whipple, but I cannot accuse you of making a fraudulent enlistment. Why this secrecy?"

"I'm weary of my job, sir. I've been at it fifteen years and now I want a vacation. If headquarters gets my civilian record they'll make a military policeman out of me. They'll have me running down spies. Well, sir, I've had this uniform built at my own expense and I don't want to be a soldier operating in civilian clothes. I want a rifle in my hands and the feel of a pack on my back once more."

"No fear," the captain assured him. "I'll keep your dread secret. If you go to Intelligence that will be their gain and my loss." He pondered. "Whipple! Whipple! I've read frequently of the exploits of a New York detective named Barney Whipple."

"That's me. The B in my name stands for Bernard, but in the army, sir, I'll use it all."

"Sergeant James B. Whipple, eh? Very well. Run along to the supply sergeant and he'll issue you your equipment."

Well, it had changed its personnel many times. Not an enlisted man or officer in the regiment knew him, nor did he see a single familiar face. However, when he reported for duty with C Company, after his three weeks' enforced stay in the recruit camp, he was wearing a tailor-made O. D. uniform and his old ribbons, and in his pocket he carried his old discharge. He arrived with a dozen others and was immediately noticed by the captain, who came out of his orderly room to inspect the new draft.

He smiled at Barney Whipple. He had expected all raw recruits and God had sent him a veteran. He could use such immediately.

"Name?" he queried, cocking an appraising eye on the former detective sergeant.

"Private James B. Whipple, sir."

"I'll have a look at your old sheepskin, Private Whipple."

Pridefully Barney Whipple brought it forth. "Ah, a soldier of The Empire, eh? So you came home again. Welcome back to the

IN THE days when Barney Whipple had first trod the paths of glory, a moustache was considered an indispensable part of the equipment of all military men capable of sporting such an adornment. Consequently, since Barney was a creature of habit he had always worn a moustache, a full-grown, magnificent affair, a veritable hirsute jungle that had been permitted to grow out on each cheek half an inch beyond the corners of his mouth. He discovered now that such moustaches were *déclassé*, the newer generation of soldiers preferring to be clean-shaven, or, if







FAITH RIDES HIGH AND THE  
OLD PIONEER SPIRIT FLAMES AS

# *The* COAST *backs* *the* FUTURE

*A Personal View  
By Frederick Palmer*

THE cattleman, as we looked out the train window, had rejoiced in common public interest, over every snowflake of late winter on lands that had suffered from drought for two years. He rejoiced in personal interest as the belated snow kept on falling after we were out of the wheat region of the Dakotas and eastern Montana into the cattle country.

I was not so much of a tenderfoot that I did not understand that this meant moisture to give the crops a start and succulent Spring

Cattle and copper in Montana! (Not to mention the apples which are not selling as high as the growers think they ought.) The smokeless chimneys of Butte, that remote one-industry city over rich mines among barren hills, tell a story sadder than the ranches which have shelter and food assured, even if little money is coming in and sheep have sold as low as fifty cents apiece. Idaho must take less for her big potatoes, her apples, and sugar beets, while many of her sawmills are idle.



## THE ORANGE EMPIRE

All year and every year the orange groves of Southern California are in production, for though snow-capped peaks are visible, the plain on which they look down rarely knows a blighting frost. Just now the margin of profit for the grower is pretty slim

grazing on the ranges. He was grinning when he left the train at Billings in face of the blizzardous gusts which were further thickening the white carpet.

"The more the better. I won't mind if my automobile gets stuck in the drifts and it takes me a week for the hundred-mile ride before me. Now if the Almighty will only send heavy June rains!"

I hoped that the June rains would come to put more poundage on his cattle, and even that the price of meat would go up—which the rest of the country would not mind if everybody had jobs and wages were up.

Such were the glimpses on the way from Minneapolis to Seattle. There is no worry about moisture on the other side of the Divide in Washington State or Oregon where—in the eternal battle of the winds—the cold east winds meet the warm Chinook winds which melt the snow.

In any other part of the world the high barrier of the Rockies would have made a separate nation, with different customs and language. An empire within itself, the Pacific Coast can live within itself no less than the rest of the United States as a whole.

Balboa was the first to discover the Pacific. But every time I cross the Rockies, I rediscover it. The people of the Pacific



## THIS BUSINESS OF LUMBERING

Washington and Oregon to a great extent link their prosperity with the cutting down of trees, which just now is at about twenty-five percent of normal activity. They're not worrying about deforestation in the Northwest, for young trees grow rapidly if they have room for growth



Coast, themselves, are frequently rediscovering it. Rediscovery cheers them in time of depression. Though Washington, Oregon, and California each claims that it has the very best part of the Coast, I am thinking of it as a whole from the Canadian to the Mexican border.

All sections have the confidence of a tradition of the trails, of battles against nature, which are in the memory of living men; of all they have accomplished in less than a hundred years when they still have so much spare space and undeveloped resources for further accomplishment. They may think of themselves as Washingtonians, Oregonians, and Californians; but, to the visitor, they are still most significantly American because they still have in their veins, or by adoption, the pioneer spirit which made the America of the Indian into the America of the white man. That spirit has had intimate experience of the cycles of booms that

lapsed and rose again. Each boom carried a great advance before it slackened; and this is a fortifying reminder that the present depression is only a temporary setback.

Looking at the map we may think of the Coast in the terms of length rather than breadth without understanding its reason for a broad outlook. Ships from its harbors go to the most distant ports of the world. All its people are in easy striking distance of the sea. It looks westward to the Orient and it looks eastward to the breadth of a nation and the Atlantic Coast ports which may be reached by the Panama Canal, by train, and by plane.

There is no more telling proof of how the Coast—which many Easterners regard as so distant—is integrated with the rest of the country than how the Legion flourishes in all the Pacific Coast States. Here I had a freshened sense of the part of that fraternity of the veterans who served elbow to elbow in the World War as a nationalizing force in a nation which is so far-flung in its varying climate and resources. It is a kind of second government in keeping us together in peace as we were together in war.

I don't think that the Coast can equal the records of the Mountain States and the plains in the distances that members travel to post meetings; and at any rate they do not have to go through blizzards. But you cannot pick up a paper anywhere without seeing some reference to Legion activities. There is a fellowship of mankind on the Coast which favors the veteran fellowship.

What would have been the result if the Puritan and Virginian fathers, instead of landing on the Atlantic Coast, had landed on the Pacific Coast, for which the Almighty has done so much? But speculation aside, I'll mention one concrete provision the

Almighty made for the Pacific Coast, which may not be enjoyed by the man out of work east of the Mississippi. For there is no use of the unemployed Southerner or Easterner setting forth with a pack on his back, which includes a skillet and a gold pan, in order to earn enough to tide him over the present crisis.

"I've lost my job," said a Legionnaire, "but I know a creek where I can pan out enough colors to keep me going."

There are places where it pays to pan in bad times if not in good times.

"I know a creek"—a creek in the lap of the (Continued on page 40)

**Looking down Market Street in San Francisco, one of the historic streets of the world. The city by the Golden Gate has met the shock of financial stringency with the same spirit that she showed when earthquake and fire in combination laid her low in 1906**





# DESERTED

Something like eleven millions of dollars in banks, building and loan associations and similar institutions are unclaimed in this country. Other millions in insurance policies, stock certificates and stock dividends have been deserted. Maybe some of it belongs to you

*By*  
*Willard Cooper*

**M**OURNFULLY, an eighty-year-old woman was packing her battered trunk. She had little to pack. The finery of a better day had been made over, time and again, but it was years since a new item had entered her wardrobe. She dropped a tear into the pitiful exhibition of poverty. Alone, friendless, frail and aged, she had just been consigned to the poor farm of a small New Hampshire town. And it was just two days before Christmas.

Somebody rapped on the old lady's door. The landlord, she guessed, making his last desperate effort to collect the rent. But she opened the door.

"Are you Mrs. Blank?" inquired the friendly young stranger who presented himself.

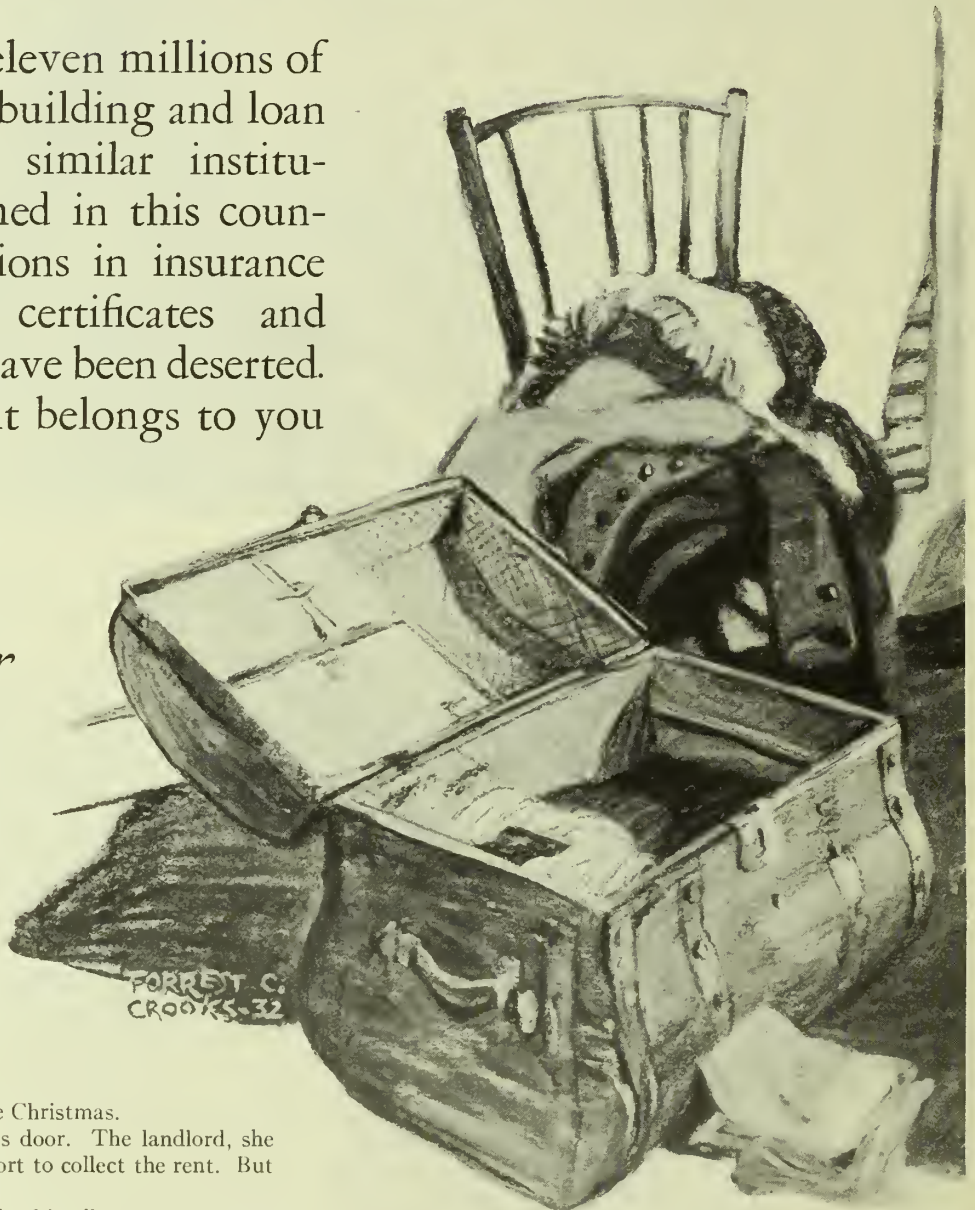
"I am. What do you want?"

He only wanted her to identify herself. Certainly, she was the widow of J. J. Blank, late of Dayton, Ohio. She had left Dayton some time after her husband died—not long after. He had left her penniless. Insurance? Yes, maybe John had bought some insurance once, but she was sure the policy had lapsed. John hadn't kept up the payments during the last months of his life. So no money was due her.

But some money *was* due her, the young man said, and produced a check, made out in her name. It was for \$2,000.

The old lady was saved from the poorhouse and probably you think this is a fiction story. Well, it isn't. It's true. It may sound Christmas-y, and Santa Claus-ish, but it's true. And it is almost typical of many such stories which a few insurance companies can tell you.

Incidentally, it illustrates one way in which people desert perfectly good dollars. Mrs. Blank's husband had made no attempt to discover what equity, if any, remained in his policy after he had stopped making payments. The company had written him.



In the petulance of his illness, he may have thrown away the letters unopened in the delusion that they merely requested resumption of payments. Or he may have died before he got around to telling what he wanted done with his money. The company, after a considerable period, discovered his death, then, at no small expense, located his beneficiary and paid her the full face value of his policy.

Most dollars are deserted similarly. People fail to understand that they own them. The dollars that desert *you* are another matter. They go freely, sometimes in night-clubs, sometimes through a hole in your pocket, which is much the same thing in result. But the dollars you desert are dollars you don't know about, nine times out of ten.

The dollars which came back to Mrs. Blank in such timely fashion would never have been deserted if either she or her husband had known of their existence. Similarly, it is doubtful if the \$7,807.81 which apparently had been lost by Ellen Curry, formerly of Danbury, Connecticut, would have been deserted if somebody—perhaps not Ellen Curry—had known of the existence of such a sum in the Savings Bank of Danbury.



# DOLLARS



*Illustration by  
Forrest C. Crooks*

**The eighty-year-old woman  
had little to pack for her  
journey to the poor farm**

This bank last heard of Ellen Curry in 1907. She had returned to the old country, perhaps, and died. It is thought that her relatives were over there. Dying, she left no evidence of the wealth she left in Connecticut. Under existing law, there is no way to apprise her heirs of it.

The most conspicuous examples of deserted dollars are to be found in the Northeast, where savings banks are a more common feature of fiscal organization than in the West. In Connecticut alone, the total exceeded \$300,000 deserted up to last year. The

New York State Bulletin estimates the total held by Empire State savings banks at \$2,000,000 up to 1932. In Massachusetts, where the State has been taking over dollars deserted in savings banks for the last generation, the average of known desertions during the last decade was about \$5,000 a year. The total unclaimed was \$360,000 last September. These figures are not strictly reliable, of course, because the dollars have to be deserted twenty years before either State recognizes the fact. Meantime, they just about double in value, owing to accumulations of interest. It is difficult to estimate the original sums deserted. Often as not, it is impossible; there are (Continued on page 44)



# The ROAD of LEAST RESISTANCE

*By Clarence M. Young*

*Assistant Secretary of Commerce for Aeronautics*

EARLY impressions are enduring and many who read these lines may have derived their first definite ideas of flying from that which they saw during the war, or shortly afterward in the heyday of the barnstorming era when no county fair was complete without a performing aviator to make the people's hair stand on end.

Most of these troupers had learned their trade in the armed forces, where, by the nature of things, safety could not be regarded as a prime factor. Leaving the service they would buy a second-hand plane, probably a discarded military ship, and start out. They not only flew but stunted machines which few fliers today would relish taking aloft in good condition, and barnstormers' planes often were not in good condition. Some of them were almost hopeless. There were no landing fields or hangars and few facilities for keeping a plane in shape other than a man's own hands and the tools he could carry with him. Repairs were improvised of such materials as were available. The use of baling wire gives present-day aviation the expression "hay wire," meaning something makeshift or uncertain. I can recall the risks and recklessness of this period from experience, having been both a war-time pilot and a post-war barnstormer.

Those days are gone, as also are many of the men who made them. But it was a rich experience for the survivors, and we find veterans of the "hay wire" days in responsible positions in aviation now, where the emphasis is on safety, not thrills.

Scheduled passenger operation may be said to have begun in 1926 when less than six thousand passengers were carried, most of them, perhaps, from a desire for adventure or for the novelty of the thing. In 1931 more than half a million persons used the scheduled lines. Many, of course, were seeking novelty, and some, no doubt, a thrill, but these were first- or second-trippers. The novelty of traveling in an air liner wears off about as quickly as anything I know. I am sure that our forefathers got a bigger thrill and were much longer habituating themselves to the use of railroad trains. A ride on a train to this day provides a wider variety of incident than a ride on an air liner.

An airport on the scheduled passenger lines operates with the matter-of-fact efficiency of a railroad terminal. Traffic flows in and out with the same want of confusion. Planes and their destinations are announced in the waiting rooms, and sometimes it is as hard to understand what is said as if a train announcer were speaking. A ship taxis from the hangar to the concrete apron outside, passengers take up their bags and file in. You may see a flushed last-minute traveler rush to the ticket window and then to the plane just before the porter closes the door. Inside, the people settle themselves in comfortable seats while an attendant stows their bags in the luggage compartment. A few wave to friends or watch from the windows as the plane takes off, circles and sets upon its course. But the panorama of fields, woods, streams and towns, too remote and detached to sustain interest long, soon becomes an old story. People tire of it as quickly, or more so, than they do of the scenery viewed from a railroad train. They read, nap, lunch and employ the usual devices one sees to while away time on a train.

Air line flying is the plainest kind of flying possible. Ships

go straight to their destination and land, which means nothing to the novelty-seekers after a flight or two. But by this time a more practical advantage has demonstrated itself to the experimenter. In the air there is about a third as much time to while away as on the fastest of trains. To persons who travel a great deal this means a real saving in the course of a year. They become exceedingly impatient of any other means of transportation. I have heard air travelers who have been obliged to make a long journey by train relate the experience as one of real hardship.

The earliest comprehensive figures dealing with the safety factor in scheduled operation are for the first six months of 1928. During this period 4,484,612 miles were flown with thirty-five accidents, or an accident for each 128,132 miles. Five of these accidents resulted in fatalities, four pilots and three passengers losing their lives. This was a passenger fatality to each 1,494,871 miles of flight.

As this is written the latest figures available on the same heads are for the first six months of 1931, just three years later. During this period 20,304,430 miles were flown with sixty-one accidents, or one for each 332,860 miles. Five accidents, the same number as in 1928, resulted in fatalities, five pilots and nine passengers losing their lives. This was a passenger fatality for each 2,256,047 miles of flight, which represents an increase in the safety factor in three years of nearly one hundred percent.

SCHEDULED operations comprise about one-half of civilian flying in number of miles flown, yet during the first half of 1931 they produced only one-thirteenth of the accidents and one-twelfth of the fatalities. During this period miscellaneous flying aggregated 43,282,000 miles, with 991 accidents, 109 of which were fatal to ninety pilots and sixty-one passengers. This was an accident for each 43,676 miles flown and a fatal accident for each 397,088 miles. Compare these figures with those in the preceding paragraph on scheduled air line flying.

Miscellaneous flying takes in student instruction, experimental work with new types of planes or devices, commercial flying and pleasure flying. The first two classes are explained by their titles. Commercial flying includes charter and sight-seeing flights, aerial photography, crop-dusting and exhibition flying. Pleasure flying means the operation of privately owned planes for pleasure only. The latter is the most risky type of flying. Although low in point of comparative mileage, private planes top the list for accidents and casualties. To the 991 accidents in the miscellaneous flying division planes used in private flying contributed 523, to the total of 109 fatal accidents they contributed sixty, and of 159 fatalities they were responsible for ninety-four.

When one contrasts the ninety-four fatalities caused by privately operated planes with eighteen for student instruction it becomes apparent that the majority of them could be prevented.

The most frequent cause of accidents in the air and the greatest single deterrent to a more rapid increase in the safety factor is the operation of pleasure planes by persons who are not competent to do so. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. We all know how a certain type of individual behaves with an automobile he has just learned to drive. The same type, (Continued on page 61)





PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING

## THE SIGNAL THAT SAYS NO

**T**HE white flag down tells the pilot to keep his plane right where it is, on the ground. Thanks to the vigorous and intelligent supervision of the Department of Commerce, passenger planes operating on schedule had but one accident for each 332,860 miles flown in the first six months of 1931



# Take a Look at The LITTLE Fellows

*By Stetson Clark*



"TELL you these days the little fellow hasn't got a chance..." It was the young chap speaking who has the refreshment stand half way down the block. I buy cigarettes from him occasionally. His prices are a trifle higher than those of the chains. But I do business with him because his place is convenient.

"Some day," he was saying, "I'm going to get rid of all my stock and sell out."

He doesn't look bowed down with cares or overwork. Fact is, though, he's been running his little refreshment stand for about five years now; and, as he puts it, he's just where he started. He's married and is buying a small home out on Long Island; but they have to count every penny. A school chum of his who went with a big concern is getting six thousand a year, and is headed for "something good."

That's a small business for you. His school chum wants him to quit it, and go with his concern. He can get him a job in the sales division. It won't pay much at first. But it may lead to something pretty good. Ought he to take up with his friend's offer?

Perhaps he should. Life's important decisions have to be made by the one concerned. Yet in the assumption that he starts out with he is wrong. True, big business is one of the most impressive developments of the day. That goes without saying. But while little business has had no gigantic stock issues to float, has indulged in no campaigns of glorification, nevertheless little business is still with us, and for a good long while, probably always, is likely to

remain. Big business has had the spotlight—and sorry for it, too, in some cases—but all along small business has been sawing wood. It is continuing in that occupation.

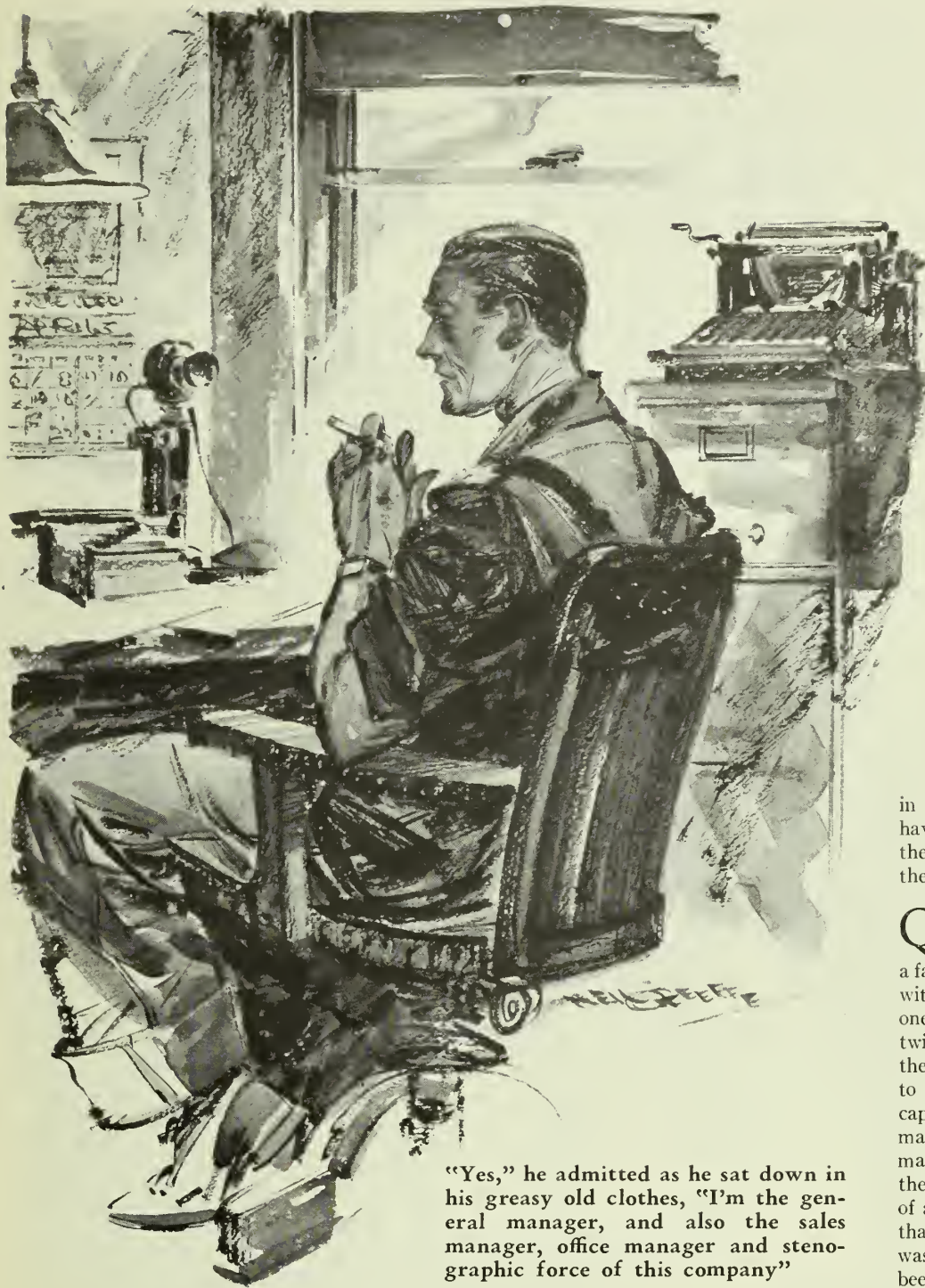
Statistics? Sure! Little business is a bit bashful. But if you insist it can present statistics, just as big business can! Let me quote from a recent statement sponsored by the National Industrial Conference Board. It is packed with statistics that apply to industry, the field in which bigness has been considered of especial advantage.

"The fact that American industry," says this statement, which was presented at "the First Conference on Management Problems of the Smaller Industries," held last summer at Silver Bay, New York, "is preponderantly a small plant industry . . . has come as a surprise to many who have thought of our manufacturing world as being preponderantly one of huge enterprises and closely integrated combinations. The statement that, according to the most recent census figures tabulated on the size of establishment basis, only one-half of one percent of the manufacturing establishments in the United States employ over 1,000 hands, that only 1.4 percent employ over 500, and only 3.4 percent employ more than 250 has been something of a revelation."

This is not to say that big business is of little consequence. The one-half percent of plants employing more than 1,000 workers include on their payrolls a quarter of the country's industrial workers. Yet plants that individually employ fewer than 500 workers



*Illustration*  
*by Neil O'Keeffe*



**"Yes," he admitted as he sat down in his greasy old clothes, "I'm the general manager, and also the sales manager, office manager and stenographic force of this company"**

cars, took a flier in the dining car field a year or two ago. They put on a big sales campaign and got a lot of cars out. But they've got them back again now, and have given up the line. They have to be sold on the installment plan, you know. It takes some experience to pick the kind of fellow who is a good risk."

There are two partners in this business. They have been making dining cars for upwards of twenty years. They took over the business in the "lunch wagon" days and have kept their product apace with the times by keeping in touch with their customers' requirements.

**Q**UITE recently I visited the plant—if that's what you'd call a fairly sizeable manufacturing loft with a small office partitioned off in one corner—of a concern that makes twist drills, we'll say. That isn't the product. But I promised not to say anything that might be capitalized by a competitor. The man who established the business made such a success of it that by the time he was thirty-eight years of age he was able to retire. And that's what he did, and swore he was through work for life. It had been a one-man business. He sold out to a corporation, with a board

collectively employ 61.9 percent of the workers. And 28.8 percent of wage earners are in plants which have payrolls of a hundred or less as contrasted to the 24.1 percent employed by the large establishments.

So much for statistics. I was talking the other day with a man who makes dining cars. Lunch wagons, they used to be called, when they were much smaller and could be drawn about by a pair of horses. He has a force of around a couple of dozen carpenters and metal workers at work finishing up a twenty thousand dollar job. For that's what the largest size of dining car costs today, with chromium trimmed electric refrigerating equipment, steam tables, tiled floors and all. Construction of two smaller cars has been started. A former customer whose business has been growing is negotiating with him for another big one. Business could be better, he said—but also a lot worse.

"The big fellows haven't got into your field as yet," I ventured by way of drawing him out.

"Well, yes, they've tried it," he said. "A big concern which makes a line somewhat similar to ours, railway coaches and street

of directors, a president, vice president, a general manager, a sales manager, a bevy of stenographers and so on.

The corporation put the very latest production and sales methods into effect. Although there were only twenty-five workers it put in a piece-work system. That brought an immediate increase of efficiency in the manufacturing department. Some of the workers that had been making only thirty-five or forty dollars a week were able to earn as high as sixty dollars. The same force turned out a third again more work. Sales shot up, too. Something else happened, however, from which there was eventually quite a kick-back. The quality of the product deteriorated. The main outlet had been through chain stores. "Re-orders" slowed up. Only a big volume could pay for the new office force and the talents of the high-priced executives who had been retained.

In the meantime the fellow who had built up the business was getting bored with his vacationing. He heard that the concern he had sold out to was on the verge of bankruptcy. Not only was he tired of loafing himself, but he had a young son just graduating from Yale "Sheff" who would have to (Continued on page 57)



THE COMMAND STILL IS FORWARD AS THE LEGION  
CARRIES THE WAR AGAINST DEPRESSION

# TO EVERY TOWN and CITY

*By Mark T. McKee*

*Executive Director, National Employment Commission, The American Legion*

**W**E HAVE cleaned up the first-line trenches in this War Against Depression, and we're still going forward. Over the top, through the wire entanglements, and hand to hand with the Forces of Fear, Lack of Confidence and black Despair which have assailed our country for the last two years.

We have captured the first four trenches, and filled them with 400,000 able-bodied, grateful American citizens. Each trench represented 100,000 jobs found or created—100,000 men removed from the vast, disorganized, despairing army of the unemployed.

Old General Depression and his Chief of Staff, Fear, are putting up a stubborn fight. Their cohorts are the destructive forces of communism and discontent that prey upon the millions of unemployed, and upon other millions of our countrymen who have felt that this situation is hopeless—that nothing could be done to remedy it. Our enemy is well entrenched. The black flag of gloom still flies over his camp, but we will pull it down. The command is still "Forward!" We are carrying the battle to every town and city.

When our battle orders went out on the morning of February 15th there were many who believed that we were launching ourselves into a hopeless conflict. We were asking our men and women to leave their peaceful pursuits, sacrifice their time and energy and effort, and buck up against a task that the most stalwart might flinch at. We could offer them nothing of excitement.

We marched into this war without benefit of music and cheers or the waving of flags. No bands played stirring marches; no crowds lined the sidewalks to wish us good luck and goodbye. The Legion went into the fight grimly, well knowing the odds that it faced. But could it beat the depression?

Then, in the hours that followed the jump-off, the first flashes came in from the far-flung lines of the embattled Legion. They were encouraging, reassuring. And as they continued to pour into headquarters in those first few apprehensive days we caught renewed courage and inspiration, and knew that the Legion would win this war if it kept up the pace!

A new spirit is abroad in the land. It is expressed in the renewed confidence, the renewed hope, the feeling that the worst is past—the conviction on the part of our people that *something is being done* to bring back better

times, to lead the country out of the wilderness of bewilderment, despondency and despair.

This accomplishment has been gained with little more than one-third of our combat strength, with not yet the mass of our troops in action. As post after post, community after community, swings into battle all along the line, attacking the enemy on all sectors and fronts, we are gathering greater and greater strength, fighting on to still greater triumphs.

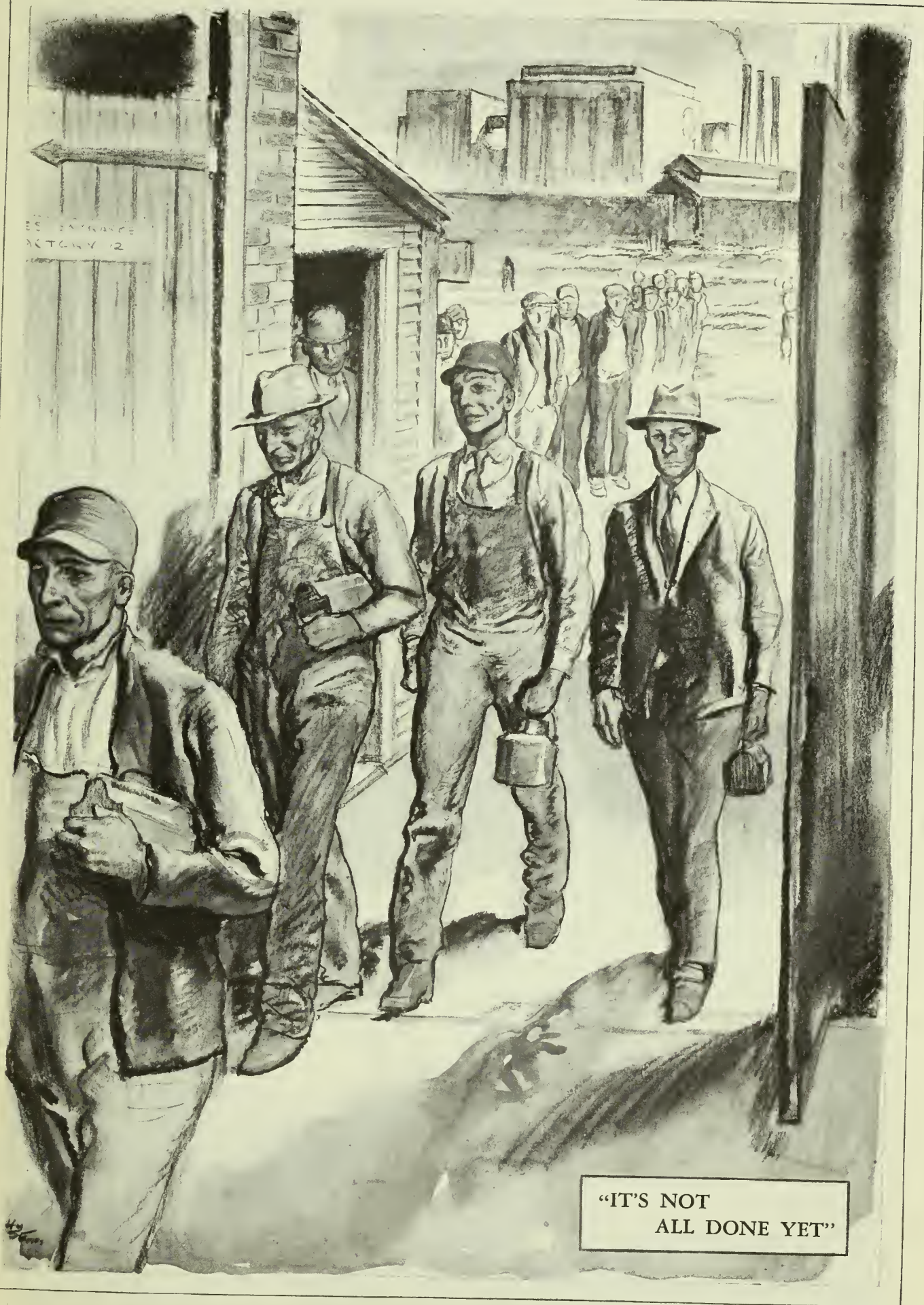
Time and space do not permit a fair accounting at this time of what has been done on the national scale, nor more than a passing mention of the headquarters set-up through which we have blanketed the country, by radio, newspapers and magazines, and affiliated organizations and their publications, with a publicity campaign which, in its scope and achievement, is unprecedented. We have been able to enlist the support of such outstanding men as General Charles G. Dawes, to head our Finance Committee; General William Mitchell, former chief of the Army Air Service, as the campaign chairman for the State of Virginia; Colonel William (Wild Bill) Donovan, leader of the "Fighting Sixty-ninth" of the A.E.F., and former Assistant Attorney General of the United States, to head the New York State campaign; W. R. Cole, president of the Louisville & Nashville railroad, to be campaign chairman for Kentucky; Colonel Eben S. Draper, to head the Massachusetts campaign, and E. T. Weir, chairman of the board of the National Steel Company, to be chairman of the Pennsylvania campaign.

Great employers of industry, acting in the spirit which The American Legion employment campaign has created, have sent men back to work by hundreds and thousands. State highway maintenance put 3,250 men in jobs in California; the Pine Knot Colliery at Minersville, Pennsylvania, returned 1,200 to work; a seasonal lay-off of 1,000 men was held up by the California & Hawaii Sugar Refining Company in Crockett, California, and the Ford Motor Company put 1,700 men to work in Minneapolis, 400 in St. Louis and 400 in Hamilton, Ohio.

Our headquarters in New York running full-blast practically twenty-four hours a day, and the large individual units of re-employed workers, would be comparatively unimportant if it were not for the hard and unselfish work of the self-sacrificing members of our Legion (Continued on page 52)

**T**HE War Against Depression is being waged jointly by The American Legion, The American Federation of Labor, The Association of National Advertisers and The American Legion Auxiliary. The National Employment Commission of The American Legion, the directing force of the country-wide campaign, is composed of the following: HENRY L. STEVENS, JR., National Commander, General Chairman; MARK T. MCKEE, Executive Director; CHARLES G. DAWES, Chairman, Finance Committee; J. CHEEVER COWDIN, Treasurer; W. W. ATTERBURY, KERMIT ROOSEVELT, MARSHALL FIELD, 3d, COLBY M. CHESTER, GENERAL JAMES G. HARBORD, OSCAR H. FOGG, GENERAL PALMER E. PIERCE, GEORGE L. BERRY, PERCY TETLOW, EDWARD J. SULLIVAN, GEORGE S. LONG, LOUIS J. KANITZ, H. V. ENGH, CHARLES F. H. JOHNSON, ROY DICKINSON, LEE H. BRISTOL, ABEL DAVIS, MELVIN S. EATON and WILLIAM J. DONOVAN.





"IT'S NOT  
ALL DONE YET"

*Drawing by Herbert M. Stoops*



# *The WILL finds the WAY*

## Scores of Legion Posts Help their Communities Meet the Unemployment Problem Successfully

**F**INAL data submitted by posts of The American Legion in the Monthly's Competition for employment ideas that will work and are capable of being used all over the United States, was received at the New York office of this magazine on April 20th. As announced in the April issue of the magazine and communicated by letter to the competing posts that was the final date for consideration of contest material. The large amount of material which came from the various competitors is being prepared for the judges, who, as announced in the rules of the competition, will consist of the editors of the Monthly and the members of the Legion's Employment Commission. Whether or not a post's plan is printed in the Monthly it will be given the same consideration by the judges of the competition as any other post's plan.

Herewith are presented a number of the entries in the competition. More will be given next month, and in the July issue announcement will be made of the name of the post winning the bronze sculpture designed by Robert Aitken for the competition. As in preceding instalments of employment ideas, no significance is to be attached to the order in which the following plans are presented.

GEORGE BEACH POST  
*Fort Collins, Colorado*

**U**NTIL last year, this city of 12,000 population had no urgent need of an employment agency. Situated in the midst of a rich farming district, its labor supply was well absorbed by the farms and at the Great Western Sugar Company's factory which operates through the latter part of the year. Last year, however, as with other farming localities, lowered prices in farm products brought a reduced demand for labor.

Realizing the annual closing of the sugar factory was going to add distress to the prevailing unemployment situation by throwing between 500 and 600 men out of work, members of our post foresaw the growing need for relief measures. Appointing an employment committee of eight Legion workers, the post called a meeting at which definite plans for the organization of a permanent employment bureau were formulated. It was decided the bureau should consist of a representative from each of the most progressive service organizations of the city. Suggestions from the committee met with encouragement and through joint efforts of the Legion, the Chamber of Commerce and the Express Courier Publishing Company, the employment bureau was established. It is now functioning efficiently in the charge of an experienced manager whose salary is being subscribed by three service organizations and the local newspaper.

The bureau has been successful in providing many men with either full-time or part-time jobs and is waging a persistent campaign to encourage local people to offer employment. Setting a worthy example, the Legion post is creating a number of jobs

by having its hall re-decorated, floors sanded, windows washed, etc. In providing this work now, the post has been saved considerable expenditure by employing jobless veterans.

MEMPHIS POST  
*Memphis, Tennessee*

**T**HE mayor's employment relief committee, a city-wide organization, was formed by the mayor of Memphis, a Legionnaire, to provide employment and relief for the unemployed. Memphis Legionnaires were called upon to devise a plan to assist in providing employment and funds.

The Legion inaugurated the work ticket sale.

It divided the city into precincts and designated a Legionnaire captain for each precinct. His canvassers (Legionnaires) were selected from his precinct. In the evenings the precincts are canvassed to sell each householder at least one work ticket. This ticket, selling for one dollar and bearing the Legion emblem, is good for ten hours of unskilled labor.

The canvassers furnish the precinct captain with stubs of the tickets sold, showing when and where the workers are desired.

The Legion headquarters, calling on the mayor's committee for the workers necessary, and not limiting them to ex-service men, send them to the purchasers of work tickets, as desired.

When the work is completed the ticket purchaser returns the ticket to the worker and it is in turn brought by the worker to Legion headquarters, as evidence of the work done and entitling him to continue receiving relief. If skilled labor is required by

**"1918-1932," the bronze sculpture by Robert Aitken, N.A., being finished off by a craftsman of the Gorham Company at Providence, Rhode Island. The sculpture is to be given to the winning post in the Monthly's Employment Competition, which closed on April 20th. A final instalment of employment ideas will be given in June, and the name of the winning post will be announced in the July issue**

a family or society, the canvassers report it and it is supplied.

This activity is given liberal front page publicity in the newspapers and commented upon editorially.

More than 5500 days of work have been secured and funds turned over to the mayor's committee. In addition to this, more than 200 skilled jobs have been provided.

LEON L. DAUGHTRY POST  
*Clinton, North Carolina*

**C**LINTON has a population of 2712, and is county seat of Sampson, an agricultural county with 40,088 inhabitants.

Leon L. Daughtry Post on October 13, 1931, appointed a



committee of ten with the adjutant as chairman to confer with eleven civic organizations of the county and to perfect a permanent organization for relief of unemployed and needy.

At the request of the Legion committee, civic organizations met November 13th and organized the Sampson County Relief Association; the post adjutant was elected president and county welfare officer secretary. The president was authorized to organize the county.

The county was organized by townships, each township to care for its own problems. A chairman was appointed in each of the seventeen townships and authorized to select four white and two colored persons as members of committee.

Surveys were made to locate persons who would give jobs to the unemployed and to ascertain names of the needy. Clothing, food, etc., was collected and stored in each township to be distributed by the committee. The Legion hall in Clinton was used as central receiving station. An employment bureau was opened and is operated by post adjutant.

Benefit performances were given at local theater, musical entertainment was given by students of Training School (Negro) and football games were played. Proceeds from all went to

charity fund, enough cash was raised to meet all expenses through the winter. Members of Auxiliary and others sold tickets. The above plans have worked; we have been supported heartily by citizens of the county. The unemployed have been given work, the needy have been cared for. No salaries have been paid and no overhead expenses incurred.

ROBERT E. BENTLEY POST

*Cincinnati, Ohio*

OUR plan of organization is as follows:

1. An executive committee composed of leading Legionnaires and supplemented by other business leaders.
2. Division of the community into districts, wards, or sections for the purpose of survey and solicitation.
3. Appointment of chairmen for districts and such sub-chairmen as necessary to properly cover the territory assigned.
4. Securing solicitors to call upon property owners and secure signed pledges to expend money in new buildings, repairs and improvements.

In Cincinnati we secured the active (Continued on page 62)





IF YOU'RE PLANNING YOUR VACATION, MAKE  
THE MONTH SEPTEMBER AND THE PLACE

# PORTLAND

**B**ACK in 1845 when Francis W. Pettygrove of Maine and Amos L. Lovejoy from Massachusetts staked out a new town in Oregon Territory at the point where the Willamette River joins the Columbia, state pride was swelling in their New England bosoms. Mr. Lovejoy reckoned that the new town should be called Boston, while Mr. Pettygrove held out for the name Portland. Luckily one of them had in his pockets a silver dollar. Tossed spinning into the air, the coin plopped to the ground. Whether it was heads or tails matters not; it was as Mr. Pettygrove had called it. And upon maps made shortly thereafter appeared the town of Portland.

It was a long pull from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, in those days, as the Yankee ships made it by way of Cape Horn. And it was an even harder journey for the New Englanders who preferred to keep their feet on the ground and traveled the overland route from Maine to Oregon. But by 1860, Portland had grown to a town of 2,874 persons. The veterans of the Civil War had helped enlarge it to a town of 8,293 by 1870. Railroad communication with the East came in 1883, and after that the city grew fast and continuously, so that by 1930, when Uncle Sam made his last count, Portland had grown to a metropolis of more than three hundred thousand people.

That same Portland, getting ready to entertain a hundred thousand Legionnaires September 12th to 15th at the Legion's 1932 national convention, is already making great plans to insure that its visitors come to Portland by enjoyable travel routes and

that they see as much as possible of Oregon's mountain, river and forest beauty, as well as Portland's own rose-covered yards and gardens and parks.

Ben Dorris, executive vice president of the national convention committee, sends word that a national broadcast of Portland's convention plans has been arranged for each week from the middle of June up to the time the Oregon-bound conventionnaires are boarding trains or ships or starting their motors. He says his outfit has also arranged for posters advertising the convention to be displayed on billboards throughout the country. The convention committee's transportation experts are negotiating with the railroads and hope to be able to announce early the special reduced fares which will be offered Legionnaires. It is probable that the railroads will grant round-trip transportation for one-way fare, the same as was done last year for the Detroit convention.

There will be other concessions, such as permitting conventionnaires to go by one route and return by another. The time limit on tickets will be very liberal, so that Legionnaires and Auxiliares may count upon at least a month for sightseeing on the Pacific Coast, in the Rocky Mountains or wherever they wish to go.

The railroad time limit will permit



## WHERE TWO YANKEES TOSSED A COIN

In Portland the lofty beauty of Mt. Hood and the might of the Columbia River keep the minds of 300,000 folks from becoming too prosaic. It is a city of rose gardens and skyscrapers



© ARTHUR M. PRENTISS



## IN THE LAND OF SNOW THAT NEVER MELTS

The top of Mt. Hood, here seen just east of Portland, is white the year round, and Nature has provided lakes and forests to consort with the rugged majesty of this king of mountains. Many roads lead from Portland to the wonderland which lies all about it



conventionnaires to make trips to Hawaii or Alaska. Arrangements for these trips will be announced when they have been completed. All in all, the Portland convention will offer to members of the Legion an unsurpassed opportunity to see the Northwest at a great saving in money and under the finest auspices.

Everywhere, cities on the main routes to Portland are preparing to entertain convention-bound visitors. Denver, Salt Lake City, Omaha, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle and Spokane expect to have local committees meet trains and arrange pleasant stopovers. Pendleton, Oregon, may stage its famous Round-Up during the convention period.

A heavy percentage of all visitors will certainly stop off at Yellowstone National Park and Crater Lake. Many Eastern and Southern Legionnaires will see the Grand Canyon in Arizona on their way to the coast. Special steamship service will be available for those who want to go by boat from Los Angeles or San Francisco as the last leg of the journey. Many Legionnaires from the East and Middle West will travel the northern route through Canada, and some delegations will travel by ship from ports on the Atlantic Coast, through the Panama Canal and up the Pacific Coast. They will be able to see Havana and Bermuda and other places in the West Indies en route.

Airplanes and motor cars will carry thousands to the convention. Western airlines are using big cabin ships and are handling heavy traffic. More Legionnaires than ever before will fly to Portland in planes of their own. The convention committee is arranging for distribution of road maps and travel information for the benefit of the Legionnaire motorists.

The convention, September 12th to 15th, will be somewhat earlier than in other years. This will appeal to Legionnaires who are planning their vacations for the convention period. It will enable them to travel to the Northwest during the enjoyable days of early autumn and will give them plenty of time for sightseeing trips in Oregon and other States.

The Portland committee in charge of the band and drum corps contests has asked that the manager or director of every Legion band and drum corps communicate with it, as a part of its efforts to make the Portland contests the finest yet held. S. B. MacDonald, the committee chairman, says the contests will be held

in the Multnomah Stadium, a natural amphitheater one half mile from the heart of the city. Seats will be provided for 40,000 persons.

The Oregon National Convention Committee has been working out with National Headquarters a new system under which all who go to the convention will register in advance. The registration fee of \$2 will entitle the registrant to a convention badge, a copy of the official program and a book of coupons of admission to the entertainment features arranged by the convention corporation.

While these plans are being perfected Legionnaires hoping to attend may profitably send for advance literature on the convention. It will be sent gladly and without imposing any obligation, by the Oregon National Convention Committee, The American Legion, 804 Yeon Building, Portland, Oregon.

## *In the Berkshires*

IN THE heart of the Berkshires of Massachusetts, in a setting of the finest scenery to be found in the United States, stands Camp Tekoa, which, with the endorsement of Hampden County Council of The American Legion, is preparing to begin its fifth season. There hundreds of sons of Legionnaires will enjoy out-of-doors vacations at the moderate cost of \$15 a week, according to Theodore V. Quinlivan of Springfield, Massachusetts, County Commander.

"Camp Tekoa was organized five years ago by Legionnaires Arthur J. Logie and Norman S. Tyler and has been operated by a staff of supervisors under Legionnaire Thomas J. Abernethy, principal of Westfield High School," writes Mr. Quinlivan. "It is situated on Center









## Prizes of More Than Fifty Dollars Each Month for Photographs of American Legion Activities. See Announcement on Page 64.

chairman; David A. Reed, vice chairman; Joe T. Robinson, John J. McSwain, Arthur H. Vandenberg, William Mitchell, C. F. Adams, R. P. Lamont, William P. Holaday, Arthur M. Hyde, W. N. Doak and Lindley H. Handley. Senator Swanson of Virginia, another member, absent in Europe, is understood to approve the report. Representative Ross A. Collins of Mississippi, a member of the commission, filed a dissenting report expressing approval of the principle of taking the profit out of war but advocating a different method of accomplishing this end.

### *New Hospitalization Plan*

THE National Rehabilitation Committee of The American Legion has been studying a plan for a change in the government system of hospitalization of disabled service men advocated by the American Medical Association and known as the Shoulders Plan. Under this plan, the Government would stop constructing new hospitals and make weekly cash payments to disabled men so they could be treated in hospitals of their own choice.

In a resolution adopted by the House of Delegates of the American Medical Association, it was pointed out that although the Veterans Administration hospitals are taxed to capacity, 200,000 beds in civilian hospitals are unoccupied.

Representatives of the National Rehabilitation Committee recently discussed the Shoulders Plan with a committee representing the American Medical Association. The Legion representatives emphasized that the Legion's attitude on the proposal could only be determined by a national convention.

### *An Idea for Any Post*

THE war came back to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, when Alonzo Cudworth Post held its second Big Moment Night and packed into its clubhouse 428 Legionnaires and guests, twice as many as attended the first Big Moment Night held a year earlier. And Joe Hrdlick, Post Historian, sends word that it was a merry party.

Everybody had been asked to wear some part of his war uniform, and the combinations recalled casual camps and delousing parties. Army mess kits were handed out and everybody went through a chow line to get slum and other army delicacies. Behind the speaker's table were the theater scenery drops of the play "Journey's End," and in keeping with the atmosphere thus created the program was opened by the sounding of a gas alarm.

After singing of army songs, the Big Moment competition started. First prize, a little pig, went to a veteran of the German army who told humorously how it felt to find himself back on service in a coal mine after two years at the front. After the tall



stories had been given, the meeting was resolved into a Monte Carlo. The police department had lent the post confiscated gambling equipment, and players used bogus money bought at the rate of ten cents per \$10,000. Soft drinks were sold at \$10,000 a glass.

### *Legionnaire John Philip Sousa*

ON FEBRUARY 11th, New York Athletic Club Post of The American Legion had as its guest of honor at a dinner its own member, John Philip Sousa, America's famous composer and band leader. Speakers acclaimed him as the oldest and most distinguished Legionnaire of New York State. Less than a month later, N. Y. A. C. Post and the rest of the Legion were sorrowed by the sudden death of Mr. Sousa at Reading, Pennsylvania. He died at his hotel a few hours after he had directed a rehearsal of a Reading band. He was seventy-seven. Reading Legionnaires composed a guard of honor when Mr. Sousa's body was taken to the train, and the Legion paid final tribute to the great leader when he was buried in the Congressional Cemetery in Washington, D. C.

There are 939 stars on the service flag of the New York Athletic Club Post, and a goodly percentage of the men whom the stars (Continued on page 64)



A can of beans, a can of tomatoes, a can of anything good to eat was a ticket of admission to a motion picture theater when Beverly Hills (California) Post gave a benefit show to obtain food for the unemployed of its community



AMONG THOSE PRESENT IN THE LEGION'S  
SWADDLING CLOTHES DAYS WAS

# A GENTLEMAN *from* MISSOURI

*By The Old Timer*

**T**HERE are diamonds in the hills of Pike County, Arkansas. This had been the contention all along of the learned and reliable United States Geological Survey, but it took Attorney Bennett C. Clark, of St. Louis to convince the United States Land Office. Diamond bearing public lands are subject to mineral entry, but the Land Office declined to grant such rights in Pike County on the assumption that no minerals are there. Colonel Clark carried the case to the Secretary of the Interior and proved that minerals, to wit, diamonds, had been found in Pike County, thus opening the Government land to mineral entry. It is the only place in the United States where one can get the Government's consent to dig for diamonds.

The counsel in the action foregoing is a modest and pleasant Missourian of forty-three who describes himself as a lawyer "in general practice." In these days of specialization fewer and fewer city lawyers go in for general practice, where, to be successful, a man must know a great deal. Clark has been successful. It is his habit, though he makes a minimum of noise about it. He doesn't like noise and has built himself a house in the middle of two-and-a-half acres fifteen miles or so from his office to avoid it.

Few persons have heard Bennett Clark mention that he is any more than a rank-and-file member of The American Legion, whereas he is the first Past National Commander. The title was bestowed *ex post facto*, for at the moment, the Legion hadn't got down to the matter of titles. Lieutenant Colonel Clark, Thirty-fifth Division, (Missouri and Kansas National Guard), was the presiding officer at the Paris Caucus in March, 1919, where the Legion was born. His father, at the same time, was Speaker of the House of Representatives. From then until the



**Bennett Clark presided over the Paris caucus that brought The American Legion into being and thus became its first National Commander. The son of the late Speaker Champ Clark, he is a St. Louis lawyer**

permanent organization was perfected at the First National Convention at Minneapolis in November, Clark was one of the group whose shirt-sleeve work made the Legion a going concern.

In the morning there is a race to the front door of the Clark house to get the *Globe-Democrat*. Father wants to note the news of the world and the issues of the day, while Champ Clark, eight, must maintain his position as an authority on the different characters in the comic strips. There are two other boys, Marsh and Kimball, twins, born in November, 1928. Senator Jim Reed wired that it was the best indication of Democratic prospects that he had heard of since the election.

In the old days Bennett Clark liked a sociable Saturday night game of poker or pitch, but Mrs. Clark prefers bridge. Well, the colonel was just getting to be from fair to middling at auction when contract came along. "I made up my mind that by the time I could learn that game the bridge teachers would invent a new one, and I have decided to wait and learn the new game."

Clark has been a baseball fan for thirty years. Recently the business manager of the St. Louis Browns undertook to give a roster of the squad that went on the training trip

in 1903. He mentioned a pitcher named Peltz. Clark said he did not believe that Peltz joined until the fall of 1903. There was some argument about it, whereupon Clark dug out the scrap book he had compiled as a boy and proved that he was right. A fishing trip in the course of the year usually takes the colonel to the woods of Minnesota or Wisconsin, but he has caught a lot of fish in Missouri waters, too. Another recreation is county fairs. He has attended nearly every county fair in Missouri.

His hobby about home is his land. (Continued on page 54)



# 'Twas An ILL WIND ---

Or No Wind At All When the Flour Mill Near St. Leonard,  
France, Stopped Turning

SEVERAL years ago we read an article about a home in Germany constructed upon a set of wheels that ran on a circular track—an arrangement which permitted the occupant to turn his house around so that the living-room, bedroom or any selected part of the house would get constant sunlight, provided the sun were shining. It impressed us as a very novel, ingenious, and, above all, modern idea.

But again the old saying that there is nothing new under the sun is substantiated by a contribution from an ex-A. E. F. lumberman, W. W. Belcher, of The Dalles, Oregon. And even though there is no reason to question the veracity of Legionnaire Belcher, who is secretary and scout executive of the Mid-Columbia-Deschutes Area Council of the Boy Scouts of America, we might have looked askance at his story if he hadn't supported it with the unofficial snapshot which we offer as Exhibit A.

Belcher, who served with the 23d Company of the 20th (Forestry) Engineers, invites The Company Clerk and the Gang to "Hit the Trail to Portland" next September for the Legion national convention, and is arranging a reunion of all of the ex-lumbermen for that time and place. Former 20th men are asked to write to him at the Courthouse, The Dalles. But let us get on with his story:

"When the 23d Company of the 20th Engineers landed at Marchenoir, Loir-et-Cher, France, in the early dark of January 22, 1918, to begin their particular job in the white oak forests, they at once set to work erecting a 10M capacity portable sawmill. The first power was furnished by a freakish sort of a tractor, which was later replaced by an American boiler.

"The white oaks were cut by experienced loggers, but the French were appalled by the waste left in the stumps, as Americans cut them about two feet above the ground. The logs were then brought to the roads by 'Big Wheels,' a two-wheel drag using 11-foot wheels to keep the logs clear of the trails. When the trucks were loaded and brought to the rollway, as no pond was used the boys found that they had to roll them *up* the only uphill rollway in the world!

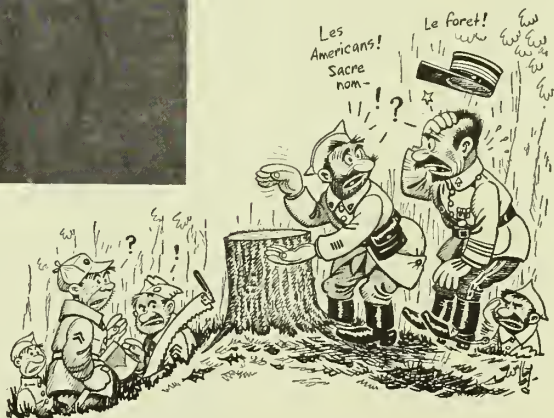


At St. Leonard, France, stood this three-hundred-year-old wind-driven flour mill. On a pivot base, it could be turned to catch the wind, no matter which way it might be blowing

"But the 23d Company supplied enough logs to enable the mill to set a record of 55,539 board feet cut in a 20-hour day, using two shifts. Everything from ties, bridge and dock timbers, plank and dimension stuff, down to duck-board material and slabs to build a mess hall, was cut. The mill operated until April, 1919, when it was torn down, boxed, shipped to a base port, and the company sent to Candale, near Dax, for the final finishing polish before being sent home in the *Zeelandia*, early in May."

NO, WE haven't forgot that part of Belcher's story which concerns the picturesque wind-mill shown hereon. Here it is:

"Many sight-seeing trips were made by the boys during their sixteen-month stay at Marchenoir, as their forest operations was in the beautiful valley of the Loire River with its historic chateaux, and ancient ruins of



the Roman occupation and conquest. Scenery was very abundant.

"Among the odd sights were the wind-powered flour mills that were still in use after many, many years of service. The picture enclosed shows one such mill, near St. Leonard, a neighboring village, that was over three hundred years old. The mill building was based on a pivot, so that it could be turned to face the wind whichever way it might be blowing. This was done by merely lifting the sweep, or tail, which was so balanced that two men could easily handle the job. Wheat and barley of the farmers for miles around were ground here."

Come to think of it, the blades on our own wind-mill water





Above, Peanuts, mascot of the Medical Corps, Third Pioneer Infantry, a near-member of the Surviving Mascots Association; right, William G. Swain, Co. G, 311th Ammunition Train, with the outfit's mascot, Cash

pumps may be adjustable, but still the old idea is unusual in that the whole structure could be moved.

ONE of the two mascot pictures—that showing the monkey—on this page will probably be in the nature of a surprise to two veterans: To William G. Swain of Stock Yards Post, Chicago, Illinois, who sent us the picture many months ago, and to Albert Wolski, formerly of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, who, according to Swain, had, and may still have, the animal. The limitations of this bulletin board and the efforts of the Company Clerk to locate Wolski and learn about the monkey are responsible for the delay in showing the picture. Swain reported:

"The snapshot enclosed is of the little mascot of Company G, 311th Ammunition Train, better known as 'Galloping G Troop,' with Captain Hugh Marston of Pettibone, North Dakota, in command, and with 1st Lieutenant W. A. Warren of Chicago, and 1st Sergeant Ed Bergman, the latter now one of the best policemen on the Chicago force.

"This monkey, Cash, went all over France and suffered the same hardships we did. If it happened that we didn't eat, neither did he. Cash had a great habit of going to the Y. M. C. A. to get his fresh stick of gum and relished it as much as one of the boys. He had a great habit of stretching the gum, but once some one gave him a rubber band and one trial at stretching it cured him of that. It even cured him of the gum-chewing habit.

"The monkey belonged to the lieutenant of our company, and the picture of me holding Cash was taken in Camp Grant, Illinois, during 1919 just before our discharge from service. When we got to Grant, the lieutenant gave Cash to Albert Wolski of

Milwaukee, and according to the last report, Wolski still had him. I wonder if he still lives. I'd like to hear from the old gang."

YOU probably will recall the Association of Surviving Mascots of the World War which was originated in these columns several years ago and included in its roster a mule, a monkey and several dogs that had served various outfits as mascots, and had continued on the active roll to the time of their introduction. Another dog mascot almost rated membership in that association—missing the honor by a matter of hours. We show the picture of this dog, Peanuts, and his master, Legionnaire T. J. Wood, former major, Medical Corps, Third Pioneer Infantry, and permit Dr. Wood to tell the story sent to us last summer:

"Enclosed is a recent snapshot of Peanuts, another mascot of the World War for whom Taps has not been blown. Peanuts came into my possession during the latter part of 1918 while I was stationed at Rampont, France, near Verdun, and from that time on was mascot of the Medical Corps of the Third Pioneer Infantry. He was a French dog, evidently, understood the French language and has not forgotten it to this day.

"When we came back to the States the latter part of July, 1919, I brought him with me and he has been my constant companion ever since. Like the rest of us he has not forgotten the war and nothing pleases him better than to have me dig up some of the old overseas outfit."

Then for the sad postscript to the same letter:

"The above was written several days ago but for some reason I neglected to mail it at once. I don't know if I should send it now or not, for cruel fate intervened. Peanuts was killed by a speeding automobile that very night as he was crossing the road in front of my home. He was buried in my yard with full military honors, including the blowing of Taps. Another devoted buddy gone West."



BESIDES enjoying the story Past Commander M. E. Ray of Vern Lorah Post of Hotchkiss, Colorado, tells in the following letter, probably some of the former brass hats or big shots of the Transportation Corps of the A. E. F. can inform him and us regarding a certain designation of his own branch of service about which he is still in the dark. Incidentally, Commander Ray's letter is one of many which long have been waiting to grab a little space in this crowded bulletin board. Give ear to what he has to say:

"Comrade A. N. Cochran wrote a most interesting letter for Then and Now some time ago, but the thing that interested me most is that part relating to soldiers'

original methods of obtaining free rides in the A. E. F.

"I was overseas for fourteen months, stationed at Gievres, France, most of the time, with the 32d Company, Transportation Corps (Railroad Operating), 15th Grand Division. Emphasis must be placed on the 'Grand Division.' It is a designation that I was never able to figure out and I hope some day to be enlightened.

"I always look forward to the magazine's arrival—having been a member since 1919—but in all the issues I have read I have no recollection of having seen a story or letter from anyone who was in my particular branch of service. How come? I know that among the 'Rails' there must certainly be some who belong to the



Legion and if so we old railroaders would like to hear from them.

"Now in regard to this transportation discussion and the ways and means of different 'tourists' of the A. E. F. through which they obtained their free rides, let me venture to say that the entire Army could learn about this from the railroad transportation men, especially those who were lucky (?) enough to have been conductors, brakemen, firemen and engineers doing road work and speeding the 'hogs' and 'wagons' over the railroads of France. Especially the brakemen. The engine crews had to stay with their engines, the conductors with their trains, and the brakemen likewise were supposed to stay with their trains. But there were always two brakemen to each train and if one of them accidentally got lost—the train went merrily on its way and believe me, buddies, thereby hangs many a good tale."

"IF YOUR partner happened to be a good scout—and they all were," continues Commander Ray, "you just picked a good place to spend a few pleasant hours and went 'flagging'—and when you went out flagging behind a train in France it meant that you kept going back until you met another train or arrived at a station and reported to the Chef de Gare. You were not called back to your train as is done in this country. It isn't hard to understand the untold possibilities in an arrangement of this kind, is it?"

"Railroad Transportation Corps men were supplied with a small badge which was good for a ride on any train, as far as the French were concerned, and when a fellow wanted to go any place—especially a place where he had no business to be—he merely put on his fatigue uniform and went. The uniform was his transportation and pass by the American R. T. O. men and the M. P.'s, and night or day you would find him with his lantern—this last being the final touch that got him by anywhere."

"You would find 'Rails' everywhere, alone or in pairs, from Paris to Nice, and from Bordeaux and Brest to Metz. They always rode the cushions and usually had their lanterns with them."

"I have lost all contact with the former buddies and often wonder where they are and what has happened to them during the past dozen years."

DURING the war, if someone had asked even a well-read A. E. F.-er what he knew about Corfu, he might have remembered vaguely that it was an island somewhere down in or around the Mediterranean, but we doubt if he would have connected it with our country's part in the war. It takes time to learn even about the war in which we fought—and so now, fourteen years later, some of the more obscure doughboys, gobs, nurses and marines are stepping forward and broadening our vision of the whole affair.

For instance, in the January Monthly, Legionnaire Al E. Bub

informed us that our own Navy had a base at Corfu—officially, U. S. Naval Base No. 25—and he supported his account with a good picture of the U. S. S. *Leonidas* with her flotilla of sub chasers. Now Herman B. Hubbard of Danville (Virginia) Post, who introduces himself as the ex-ship's barber on the U. S. S. *Pittsburgh*, steps forward with a snapshot which we reproduce, and writes us to this effect:

"Al E. Bub's picture and story of Corfu in the January Monthly brought back fond memories of my week's stay in Corfu while serving aboard the U. S. S. *Pittsburgh*, flagship of the Adriatic fleet during 1919 and 1920. While there, a bunch of us rented



bicycles and rode out to the ex-Kaiser's summer palace of which Bub spoke.

"Another interesting item he mentioned was the presence of the two old battle-wagons, the K. U. K. *Radetzky* and K. U. K. *Zrinyi*, taken over from the Hungarian navy. We used those two ships as our supply base while we were in Spalito, Dalmatia, and wound up by having a dance one afternoon in the officers' ward room on the *Radetzky*. The dance turned out to be a disappointment as the Jugo-Slav girls didn't know how to do the shimmy, which was the latest dance at that time."

"The enclosed picture shows the U. S. S. *Pittsburgh* lying at anchor in St. Marks Lagoon at Venice, Italy. In the background are three Hungarian battle-ships which had been turned over to the Allies for junk."

"I always read the Monthly closely for news or a picture regarding my old shipmates as I am always glad to hear from them."

SEVERAL veterans have stepped forward with authenticated claims of having both soldiered and sailed—if the latter term be permitted—during the period of the World War. Now a man bobs up with an Army-Navy-Army record. Let's listen to Edward A. Toomey of 514 Hempstead Avenue, Malverne, Long Island, New York, a charter member of Malverne Post:

"After serving on the Mexican border during 1916 with Battery B, First Field Artillery, New York National Guard, at McAllen, Texas, I was discharged there suffering from paratyphoid and tuberculosis. Lieutenant Dunlap, later a colonel, offered me a chance to get back to the mountains so I went to McDowell County, West Virginia, regained 22 pounds of my weight, reported to my old regiment and was turned down on physical grounds."

"Had six more months outdoors (Continued on page 54)



The U. S. S. *Pittsburgh* lying at anchor in St. Marks Lagoon, Venice, Italy. Three Hungarian battleships, turned over to the Allies for scrapping, are in the background



# The Why and Wherefore of MORE BEDS

By John C. Vivian

**D**OCTOR, you don't know a thing about mental diseases. If you think tying me down in this tub is doing me any good, you are mistaken. Why are you keeping me locked up? You know I haven't any mental disease and I don't belong in an N. P. hospital. When are you going to let me go?"

The medical officer in charge of one of Uncle Sam's large hospi-

tals on the West Coast, devoted to the care and treatment of service men suffering from nervous or mental diseases, walked by the patient, without paying any attention to his remarks.

"Crazy, doctor?" asked a visitor.

"Yes," replied the medical officer. "A very pitiful case. Educated, with a good background. No hope for his recovery."

The man in the tub was receiving the treatment generally prescribed in mental hospitals for violent cases—cases over which the doctors, nurses and orderlies have little control.

The continuous tub, as it is termed in Veterans Administration hospitals is longer, deeper and larger than the common household bath-tub and is so constructed that the occupant may lie full length, uncramped, with tepid water flowing in and out of the tub during the treatment. The veteran is strapped in so that he must submit, usually involuntarily, to the treatment. The water seems to soothe agitated mind and nerves.

The records of the Veterans Administration show that service men and women who contracted tuberculosis are decreasing in number, but even at this date we find an increasing number of mental conditions which we feel are attributable to war service.

Administration officials explain that the World War mental load has not reached its maximum; that men are breaking down mentally from war injuries after a lapse of

**Uncle Sam is proving in many hospitals that sound nerves come from a steady hand, and occupational therapy is training patients for new vocations in the workaday life of the outside world**

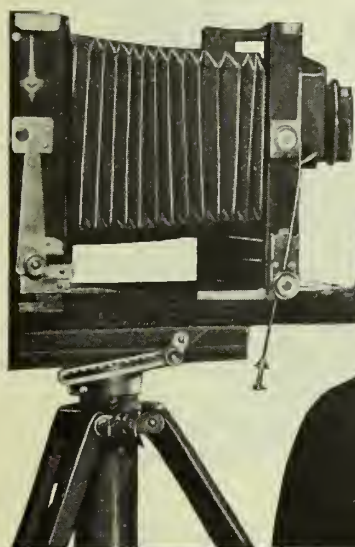
almost fourteen years. They believe the peak of mental cases will not come until 1945.

Notwithstanding these facts, the Government does not have adequate facilities to care for the victims of mental and nervous diseases. The Veterans Administration and a generous Congress have consistently (Continued on page 56)



PHOTOGRAPH BY N. LAZARNICK





## Some models are terribly dumb



"**W**E WERE talking about his beard when he stepped into the room. I'm afraid he overheard us. Anyway an awkward silence followed." This, briefly, was the story told us by a young woman a few days ago. The yarn intrigued us, so we decided to re-enact the scene before the camera and present it to our audience. But it was a really harrowing experience. Just try and get a good photograph of an embarrassed silence! So we decided to show you the picture in the making—and here it is. It rather amuses

### THE GILLETTE BLUE SUPER-BLADE

The \$2 Kroman De Luxe blade has been withdrawn from production and replaced with the sensational Blue Super-Blade — far superior to the Kroman. You pay only a few cents more for the Blue Blade than for the regular blade and get unmatched shaving comfort. **The Blue Blade is of extraordinary quality—positively the finest blade ever produced.** Colored blue for easy identification—it is contained in a blue package, cellophane wrapped, and is made by a distinctly different process. Distribution is not yet complete—so if your dealer hasn't the Blue Blade, ask him to get it for you, which he can, quickly.

us now—although we certainly went through agonies trying to get the photograph as originally planned.

Please forgive us if this way of presenting our product seems a trifle informal. But life *is* largely serious and if we can get a little fun out of a truly difficult task, we feel sure you'll overlook it.

The fact is, we're *amazingly* serious about the present Gillette blades. **Emphatically, and without reservation, these are the sharpest, smoothest-shaving blades ever produced.** They make easy and thoroughly comfortable the important duty of keeping clean shaven at all times. We urge you to let the present Gillette prove its worth on our guarantee. Buy a package and use one or two blades. Then if you haven't changed your entire conception of shaving ease, return the package to your dealer and get your money back.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

# Gillette

RAZORS  BLADES





# THEY ARE MORE *than* POPPIES

*By Willie Snow Ethridge*

**P**OPPIES to you, perhaps, are just crumpled rosettes of crimson crepe paper to wear once a year for memory's sake; but to the man whose thick, stiff, slow-moving fingers have fashioned them they are little, bright red doors to the land of opportunity. Their scarlet petals are not mere slips of tissue at all, but gay flags to signal pennies into their pockets; their wee, small stamens are wands to transform dragging, bleak hours into hurrying, sunshiny minutes.

For the poppies which The American Legion Auxiliary sells on Poppy Day are made by disabled veterans who pluck at these fragments of paper and strips of wire as drowning men at floating timber. In forty-three Government hospitals and veterans' workshops, hundreds of soldiers, too badly shattered for heavier work, manufacture these memorial blossoms as their only means of self-support.

Last year they made over 12,000,000, for the forty-eight States and Alaska, Hawaii and Panama actually sold 11,272,180, netting \$214,814.55 profit, all of which went for the rehabilitation and child welfare programs of The American Legion Auxiliary. The veterans received a penny for each poppy they made—a meager sum, to be sure; but a fortune to those who have families dependent upon them; to those who are ragged for clothes; to those who need pennies for cigarettes, writing paper, shaving "gear," stamps and shoes.

Only those veterans make poppies who receive no compensation, or a very small one, from the Government. They begin manufacturing them in the winter, when the orders for Poppy Day start trickling in, and they continue, as the orders arrive,

**When you buy a poppy just before Memorial Day, think what the poppy means to the thousands of disabled men who make it in veterans' hospitals. Above is a group of hospital poppy makers at Lake City, Florida**

until the latter part of May. There are many long, idle days, though, when there are no orders and the eager hands twist restlessly in empty laps. Then the question is asked over and over: "When will we have more poppies to make?"

One of these forty-three poppy-manufacturing centers is located at the United States Veterans Hospital Number 63, at Lake City, Florida. Recently I wandered through

its ether-smelling wards and heard stories and saw scenes that will make the glowing cup of the poppy brim and run over with meaning for me forever. And for you, too, I hope. For the same stories and scenes are being lived in the veterans' hospitals and workshops all over the land.

I saw men with their brows creased in concentration and lips pursed as their big, awkward hands fumbled with the flimsy petals, the tiny clusters of blue-green stamens, the narrow streamers of grass-green tissue. Twist and turn, twist and turn. And then, as the flower bloomed into completion, I saw their faces light up and their eyes shine. They twirled the saucy red things before their noses and their looks of pleased satisfaction seemed to say that their own clumsy hands had made those dainty, gay little buds and they were proud of them.

There were the two frail young men, one with only three fingers on his right hand who sorted the stamens and crimped the petals; the other with two good hands, but with his leg jutting out before him in a cast, who arranged the petals about the "cat whiskers," as he called the stamens, and attached the stems.

"I'm getting good now," the man with the shattered leg boasted, "and I'm sure glad of it, for I've got a wife and five



kids. The Government pays me \$20 a month; but that doesn't go far. My wife came to see me Sunday and I gave her the \$2 I made last week and she was so proud of it. . . . My partner, there, has got a wife and five kids, too. So we need poppy money."

Then there was the docile, shell-shocked man whom I first saw when he came to the poppy chairman's office for stems. His flowers had not come out right—there were more petals than stems. He shook his head in a slow, puzzled fashion and his big, solemn, coffee-brown eyes were as pleading as a dog's. His coat was split at the elbows, his pants baggy and frayed.

"He made a dollar last week from poppies and he bought a shirt with it," the chairman told me, as he shuffled out.

There was the toothless veteran with the child-like face, in a dressing gown by the side of his bed, forming the flowers with hands drawn and knotty. As he finished each one, he lifted it to his lips and blew into it.

"I want to puff it out," he said, with a pleased grin.

"But we don't want it puffed out," the instructor told him. "It packs better, small."

His face fell. "But they're so pretty, big," he coaxed.

There was the little woman with head erect, flashing blue eyes and smiling mouth, who sat by the side of a man in a rolling chair on the lawn of the hospital, chatting about the Florida sunshine and the stream of tourists flowing past. While she talked she made poppies and put them gently in the lap of the man. Staring blankly at them, he fastened the Auxiliary labels to the stems.

"He is paralyzed," the poppy chairman whispered to me, "and he has lost hope; but she hasn't. She is determined to make him want to live. Poppies are helping her. Sometimes he gets tremendously interested and attaches the labels joyously."

I was at the office of the chairman late one Monday afternoon when she paid the poppy makers for those they had completed the week before. I don't believe I will ever forget any of them; but I know I will never forget a rangy, white-faced man whose small black eyes shone like pieces of coal in a snow man's head. He was one of three partners in a corporation. They had made fourteen bunches—350 poppies.

"That means \$1.18 for my boy to go to the fair," he confided in a burst of pride. "There's going to be a fair in our town this week and my boy has written me that he wants to go." He edged over to me and asked wistfully: "Would you like to see his picture? . . . Isn't he a fine looking fellow? He's thirteen and that's the age that likes fairs better than any other."

So poppies, you see, instead of being just little crushed buds of paper, are really shining beacons flashing the way to contentment, self-support and self respect to hundreds of disabled veterans and their families.

# COOL SHAVES for more than 1,000,000 Fans



## THE 2 INGRAM BARBERS • TERRY TUBE OR JERRY JAR

**L**ATHER UP! In the final standings of the Chin-Bush League, Ingram's leads its rivals by a cool, cool shave. No nicks, no burns, no terrors! For the Ingram battery sets down your whiskers in 1-2-3 order and never, never spikes your face! It's

**cool! Cool!! COOL!!!**

The famous blue jar and the blue and white tube contain the same cooling shaving cream. Hundreds of thousands hail the jar as the most economical package ever made. Just as many more think the tube is more convenient.

Deliberately we made Ingram's the coolest shaving cream that ever caressed the chin of man! Every jar—every tube—contains three special ingredients that

tone your face while you're shaving! That's the secret of Ingram's great success! It does the work of a shaving cream, a tonic, and a lotion all in one!

No scrapes, no smarts, no cuts—when Ingram's is the basis of your lather!

Go straight to your druggist and ask for the tube or demand the jar—which-ever you prefer. That's the quickest way to get acquainted with Ingram's.

Or, if you'd like to, try it at our expense. We'll be delighted to send you a sample and give you your first ten Ingram shaves FREE! We know you'll want more. Clip the coupon!

## INGRAM'S Shaving Cream IN TUBES OR JARS!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., DEPT. L-52  
110 Washington St.  
New York, N. Y.  
I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_



# 26 LONG SMOKES FOR 15 CENTS!

## A Way to Get Greater Pleasure at Lower Cost

If you've got the blues, cheer up! Times for smokers are not as bad as they may seem. Here is a way out on your smoking bill that gives you 26 dandy smokes for 15 cents!

*Change to a pipe—and Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco.*

Pipe smoking is pleasure smoking. A pipe is long and slow and placid. It soothes and relaxes and charms. A pipe is the kind of smoke that keeps men's nerves steady, keeps their brains clear and alert.

And Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco, made as it is from the finest burley tobaccos, is a remarkable pipe tobacco. Men who have smoked Edgeworth for as long as 20 years say that it's a cool, slow-burning smoke that never bites the tongue. Perhaps it's because this special Edgeworth blend has its natural savor insured by a distinctive and exclusive eleventh process. Now—notice this: the 15-cent tin gives you 26 (average size) pipefuls...26 long, peaceful smokes. And Edgeworth in the larger sizes gives you even greater economy.

We've all got to sit down and think things out these days. And nothing helps like a pipe filled with that good blended-burley Edgeworth. Maybe you are already one of the great army of pipe-smoking Edgeworth fans. If so, of course these words are not addressed to you. You know already how true every word of this advertisement is.

But speaking particularly to you men who are dissatisfied with your smoking, or who feel you are spending too much, we want to say this: A pipe with Edgeworth will give you greater pleasure at lower cost. If that appeals to you, try one tin of Edgeworth. (You can buy it in two forms—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice—and in all sizes from 15-cent pocket package to pound humidior tin. Some sizes come in vacuum tins.) Smoke Edgeworth critically. Compare it with other brands. Compare the cost with that of other forms of smoking. Then decide for yourself whether you want to go on with Edgeworth. We abide by your decision.

Try before you buy. Send your name and address for a free sample packet of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed. Address: Larus & Brother Co., 111 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va.

Do you enjoy listening to the radio? Then you'll enjoy hearing the Dixie Spiritual Singers as they sing in the Edgeworth factory over the N. B. C. Blue Network every Thursday evening. Don't miss the beautiful chorus of men's voices. See your newspaper for nearest station and time.



# The Coast Backs the Future

(Continued from page 17)

mountains, which will yield one, two, three, or four dollars a day.

"Will you have anything for me this summer?" a man asked his old employer in the lumber business.

"I'm afraid not."

"Then I'm going to Alaska. I know a creek there where I can take out five dollars a day." His regular pay was six dollars a day and found. He would quit panning as soon as he had his old job back.

But most gold seekers prefer to try out their luck nearer home in a kindlier climate—which makes a season of panning a holiday in the hills—than in Alaska with its short summer season and swarms of mosquitoes. The grubstake costs less in regions where you can buy eggs in passing a ranch house for ten cents a dozen. Southward—where it is always summer to the easterner who lives north of the Mason and Dixon line—you note the beneficiaries of the climatic blessing in individuals, partners, or groups by the roadside who can sleep out of doors the year around and stop where night finds them. Why worry? Tomorrow will be as pleasant a day as today is and yesterday was. If the sun gets hot move up toward the snow-capped Sierras.

The Coast might be divided into two parts with the line where lumbering ends in the North; and again into regions where there is ample moisture and not enough. There may not be enough just over the range which walls off precipitation, as it does on the other side of the Cascades.

In the North lumber is still far and away the major industry. When lumber consumption drops Seattle and Portland are bound to feel the stress; and if the products of the ranches in the rich valleys and bottoms and on the plateaus also sell for less, there is more reason for concern.

In the East we have heard much talk of the eventual deforestation of our timber lands; but anyone who rides for hours and days past the mountain slopes which the Almighty clothed with evergreens, redwood, fir, pine and hemlock, is soon relieved of any alarm on this score. The supply seems inexhaustible. It has been found that the young trees, which are now left standing, grow rapidly once they have space for growth.

The lumbermen may have to go farther and farther back in their cutting; but long before the great trees of the virgin forest—which were ready for the saw when the first pioneers came over the Oregon trail—are felled, a new crop nearer the market will be available. There will always be enough lumber until in some future age terraced farms have climbed up the hill-sides and the Pacific Coast has ten times its present population.

The concern in this year of 1932 is how to sell enough lumber to keep a part of the mills running even on short time. The

major industry of the far Northwest is down to about twenty-five percent of capacity, the same as steel at the time of writing. Building construction has halted in the market of the Middle West and in the closer and larger market of Southern California, where the use of stucco has to some extent taken the place of lumber in building.

The tractor has gone into the woods as well as on the farm, and organization and labor-saving machinery have cut the cost of production to meet the competition of substitutes for lumber. Soviet Russia, now sending lumber to England and France, is entering into competition in the world market. Paper boxes have taken the place of wooden in packing. The decrease in advertising in the press, and in the use of packages with the lessening volume of trade, have reduced the consumption of wood pulp.

Lumber jacks and fishermen, who have always been able to count on a job in season, may gather at employment offices wistfully while the huge forests invite the saw and the streams are crowded with salmon in season and the sea is rich in fish. But construction must be renewed and people have their jobs back to buy more fish before lumbering is again at high tide, or even there is a bountiful purchase of its substitutes—and no fisherman or lumberman will be idle in the season unless he chooses. Plywood, which is so ingeniously and skilfully produced for veneering by unrolling the grain of a tree, has been a help; and that too waits on opportunity in better times.

All in all the fruit business seems to have suffered less than lumbering. In aiding the unemployed by buying apples in eastern city streets you were also aiding the fruit growers of Oregon and Washington, while wheat and cattle on the eastern fields and ranges over the Divide shared the common lot of farmers and cattlemen. The peach belt considers the housewife a heretic when she says that peaches are a luxury, and peaches still have a better market than building material.

There are no such profits as those of the glad days of 1928 in the peach belt, nor is there in oranges in the citrus fruit region. It is a fight to sell yields for the cost of growing, and particularly hard if there is interest to pay on a mortgage. There have been pitiful casualties where the exploitation of irrigation placed loans on boom values, and new ranches could not compete in low prices with the old.

While the growers of other fruits have seen prices falling in the last three years, the lemon growers have had better fortune. The lemon groves will sell for as high as four or five thousand dollars an acre. Oranges thrive in warm climates in many parts of the world; but only Sicily and Southern California can produce lemons



which will bear transportation. The areas in both regions are limited, and practically all in production. A long, hot spell in summer, or an epidemic of influenza in winter, in the East, means more lemonade consumed and more cars loaded with lemons hastened across the country for higher prices. That humble lemon, which is the subject of slang reproach, is really a most exclusive, aristocratic, and superior fruit; and one business that is no "lemon" in these United States is growing lemons, even in the Depression.

So far the picture is in the terms in which people who have not been to the Pacific Coast see it—groves, ranches, forests, and scenery. Each State has not only its snow-capped ranges, saluting the sea, and a guardian mountain—Rainier, Hood, and Shasta—but it has great cities, great ports, and an immense urban population.

The Almighty placed the reaches of the deep Puget Sound at the base of the forest slopes. If He did not provide much level space upon which to build the future Seattle, He placed near the splendid harbor the fresh water of a lake which brings death to the barnacles encumbering ships' bottoms. Seattle has the short route to the Orient for export and import trade, and its back country includes Idaho, Montana, the Dakotas and Minnesota as well as Washington State. Of Portland, neighbor to the sea through a deep river channel, I shall have something to say in a later article on the city where the Legion convention meets this year.

California has two great ports, San Francisco and Los Angeles. If Los Angeles has now outstripped San Francisco in population, the elder city of the romance of Forty-nine is undisturbed in its pride of the Golden Gate, while Oakland and Berkeley are a part of her urban life and industry. And, well, San Francisco is San Francisco, ever distinctive. The skyscrapers of that cosmopolitan city, rebuilt since the earthquake and fire, rise in the grandeur of New York's above the waters of a great natural harbor. It cannot be daunted by a mere cycle of depression.

The Almighty, who did so much for California, did overlook providing Los Angeles with a harbor. Los Angeles said: "We'll make one." The Venetians built a city on piles, and no newcomer who has been inoculated with the Los Angeles virus would consider that Venice or any other city, home or foreign, could have anything on Los Angeles in any respect.

"It can't be done!" said the sceptics. But it has been done! A great artificial port has been created in the same spirit that Seattle exhibited in cutting away her hills. San Francisco, almost as water bound as New York, is going to discount the future of which she is so confident, by connecting the city with the mainland by two great bridges at a cost of more than an hundred million of dollars.

There is tense rivalry between the port cities in the common objective of making the Coast more self-sustaining. Since distance prevents (Continued on page 42)

CHANGE SPARK PLUGS EVERY 10,000 MILES FOR BETTER ENGINE PERFORMANCE

# CHAMPION

NATIONAL CHANGE WEEK - May 9 to 16



*The Champion Spark Plug Tester, shown above, enables you to see why and when you need new spark plugs.*



① Note scientifically proportioned nose

② Note scientifically proportioned neck

U. S. AND FOREIGN PATENTS PENDING

**T**HIS YEAR Champion National Change Week is more important than ever before, because it brings the first real opportunity to motor car owners everywhere to change to the sensational new Champion Spark Plugs.

In any case and with any spark plugs, the 10,000 mile change is vital to maintain engine performance and economy.

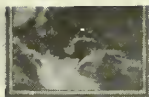
But here are Champion Spark Plugs so new in principle and design that they give extra power, smoothness, economy, and speed hitherto unrealized—this regardless of the make, age or condition of present spark plugs.

Hundreds of thousands of motorists will change to these newest and finest of all Champions because they have learned the wisdom of changing spark plugs every 10,000 miles; and because this year they place higher value on engine performance than ever before.

There is no other spark plug like the new Champion. There are no results like the results it gives. Your engine richly deserves a complete set of new Champions now.

**CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY**  
TOLEDO, OHIO • WINDSOR • LONDON • PARIS



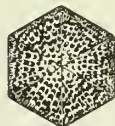


## IF THIS IS YOUR IDEA OF FISHING—

you have no interest in a Hexi-Super-Cane-Rod. But if you are the kind of sportsman who knows fishing—loves the skill of it—seeks the deepest pleasures it holds for you—you will some day get yourself one of these

### HEXI-SUPER-CANE RODS

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Here's a rod that combines the advantages of over a century of experience with a fundamentally better material. It's treated by an exclusive process, discovered in China, which gives the cane 25% greater tensile strength—more snap and resiliency—more lightning-like action.

Send for booklet which describes these finer rods.

Whatever your needs in tackle—reels, lines, lures, baits, hooks, bows, creels, etc.—you can fill them with items made by the makers of Hexi-Super-Cane Rods.

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### HORROCKS-IBBOTSON CO.

Manufacturers of the Most Complete  
Line of Fishing Tackle in the World

HORROCKS-IBBOTSON CO.,  
Dept. G, Utica, N. Y.

Kindly send your booklet—  
"A Chinese Secret for Fishermen."

Name .....

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## The Coast Backs the Future

(Continued from page 41)

competition with eastern factories in the eastern market—though California in addition to canned goods is shipping furniture to the Atlantic seaboard—Pacific Coast factories must depend upon the growth of the Coast market. The rapid increase of population has rapidly increased industrialization. The Coast is not yet as industrially co-ordinated as New England under its Council of Governors. By the way, the Coast might find the methods of that Council worth looking into.

An outsider might think that the Coast would have had severe banking troubles. There have been no failures of great banks, though of small ones. Bond and mortgage and real estate sub-division schemes have collapsed as further contribution to the national tragedy which has inflicted such injustice upon individuals that their repetition must be forestalled as one of the cruelest lessons learned from the Depression.

Los Angeles, which has grown from three hundred thousand people to more than a million in twenty years, was bound to have the penalty of the contraction consequent upon such rapid expansion. But the contraction has been less than expected.

California made a fine provision for the veterans. It bought land and took a mortgage up to five thousand dollars to

enable a veteran to pay for a home on instalments—and the veterans, with exceptions that are insignificantly rare, are sticking to their homes in the land of homes.

Relief agencies have known no strain on the Coast—though they find it bad enough, equivalent to that of one-industry cities of the East. Shelter everywhere is cheap—cheap at the foot of the forest slopes of the North—cheap in the lumber or substitutes in the South, where there need be no cellar for a furnace. The work of relief is, however, complicated by the fact that often, at Los Angeles, those in charge find that as few as twelve out of a thousand of the strangers do not dodge two hours' work a day provided for them.

The Coast has confidence in the future. I saw white collar men and lumberjacks side by side in building and repair work and in construction of the new roads that are linking town and country closer together. To provide more employment, San Francisco hastened the completion of her magnificent war memorial buildings, with their splendid court and auditorium. And the same San Francisco put over a drive for a hundred thousand dollars in hard times for its symphony orchestra.

And do not forget that after the gold of '49, which the Almighty had placed in the soil, had been largely mined, it was found that He had also placed there the gold of



The farmer's family returns a call



oil. When all the available supply of oil seemed in sight, deeper borings revealed reserves which now seem inexhaustible. As in other oil fields, production has been arrested and further prospecting stopped until the market revives.

We need no reminder lest we forget that Southern California's luminous air, and background—within a small area—of scenes from tropic palms and ocean beaches to desert and snowy mountains, brought the immense industry of "the pictures." All the famous stars have had their salaries cut. Earnings are more meager for the rank and file of the twenty-five thousand actors and actresses whose names are on the studio lists. Fewer "talkie-struck" youth can afford to join the money-spenders in Hollywood.

The problem of transients and drifters has been peculiarly trying, in the right balance of generosity and wisdom, for Los Angeles, which owes its growth to such rapid recruiting from the colder regions of the Mississippi valley. Some of the newcomers brought incomes on which to spend their declining days in the sun. Incomes having been cut, this source is temporarily curtailed. The flow of tourists who spent much money, was a thin stream this late winter as it was to Florida. The scandalous conditions reported in Hawaii left Pacific ships with meager passenger lists.

In answer to the call of climate there has been a migration of veterans. Often they were told that warmer weather was the proper prescription for their ailments. There are piteous cases and cases that are difficult in temperament. This has meant a heavy burden for the Legion workers short of funds, in co-operation with the relief agencies, while the crowded Veterans Hospital of Sawtelle has a long waiting list owing to this migration toward the sun, where tradition has it there is always warmth and enough to eat.

There can be no greater error than dreaming of an easy life on a veranda watching your oranges grow in Southern California. Orange growing and fruit raising generally is a most expert business, and highly profitable in good times, but not so in hard times. Although Mexican laborers are being dispatched homeward there are not enough jobs to go around among the natives. Unemployed have the best chance in regions where they have connections and they may look for the kind of work they know how to do.

"We want men and money" is the message of the Pacific Coast to the rest of the country. Money for development of resources and to start industries! And, in ordinary times, "men who will work." For work has made the Coast what it is. No one doubts that one day there will be plenty of work to do; that ranching and lumbering will flourish again; and that Japanese development in Manchuria and stabilization in China will bring wealth in trade. No section of the country is quite so optimistic, I should say, as the Pacific Coast.



# You can Add the *whole* Pacific Coast

TO YOUR CONVENTION ROUNTRIP

*- at no  
added fare!*

FROM most Eastern and Mid-western points, on May 15, the extra charge for including the Pacific Northwest in a regular California roundtrip will be removed. Then you can go West on one route, and return on another Southern Pacific route and add the whole Pacific Coast to your convention trip for not 1 cent extra fare. (American Legion—Portland, Sept. 12 to 15).

Only Southern Pacific offers the choice of 4 Great Routes. Only Southern Pacific's rails serve many of the West's greatest attractions. Insist that your routing include two of the following routes: *Shasta, Overland, Golden State, Sunset*. For example, go direct to Portland via a northern line. Then through California, and return *Sunset, Golden State* or *Overland Route*. Or reverse the order, visiting California en route to Portland.

**California roundtrips**  
including Portland, going  
or returning

*Season roundtrip examples:* (good leaving May 15 to Oct. 15. Return limit Oct. 31). From New York City \$135.12 to \$138.32, Chicago \$90.30, etc.  
*30-day limit examples:* From New York City \$119 to \$122, Philadelphia \$118.50, etc.

\*From most Eastern or Midwest points.

## Southern Pacific

FOUR GREAT ROUTES FOR  
TRANSCONTINENTAL TRAVEL

Write for detailed itinerary to O. P. Bartlett, Dept. R, 310 S. Michigan Blvd., Chicago, or H. H. Gray, Dept. R, 531 Fifth Ave., New York City. Name your Pacific Coast destination and the places and sidetrips you want to include in your roundtrip ticket. (See map). Ask for details on West Coast of Mexico.



### OVERLAND ROUTE

CHICAGO OR ST. LOUIS  
VIA OMAHA, OGDEN  
AND RENO. (FREE SALT  
LAKE CITY SIDETRIP)

CHICAGO OR ST. LOUIS  
VIA KANSAS CITY, EL  
PASO, TUCSON AND  
PHOENIX.

### GOLDEN STATE ROUTE



NEW YORK OR CHICA-  
GO VIA NEW ORLEANS,  
SAN ANTONIO, EL PASO,  
TUCSON AND PHOENIX.

### SUNSET ROUTE





## Deserted Dollars

(Continued from page 19)



Philosophy and maturity  
make smokers turn to pipes.  
Philosophy and maturity  
also make pipe smokers  
turn to Dill's Best Tobacco.  
Cellophane-wrapped. Fresh.



no laws compelling banks to keep ancient books.

With accumulations, many old accounts are running into "big money." In proportion to population, the Connecticut total of "desertions" would indicate a national total of more than \$11,000,000.

The total of savings accounts of all kinds, in all kinds of banks and savings institutions, approaches \$20,000,000,000. So the estimate of more than 11,000,000 deserted dollars may not be extravagant.

But when you've reached that figure, you've only scratched the surface. People also desert commercial bank accounts, checking accounts. The typical desertion of this kind is that of the man who thinks that his checking account is so low he need not bother about it any more.

Mostly this assumption is correct. But now and then a check is not presented for payment. In that case, the dollars for which it stands are deserted by two people. Then again, people make mistakes in addition and subtraction.

The largest commercial account of which I have heard was that of the "Whitney Company" advertised about eleven years ago by the Bankers Trust Company of New York. Labeled a "bond purchase account," this balance amounted to \$2,520.59. I doubt if half a dozen inactive accounts of such magnitude could be located by examination of all the banks in America.

Various States have various methods by which dollars deserted in banks may be called to public attention. For the most part these arrangements appear futile. The newspaper advertising which alone is required brings out one dollar-deserter in a hundred, probably less.

Many States, but not most, now say that an account inactive for twenty years must go to the State Treasurer. But if you leave a dollar in a Louisiana bank, it will be advertised at the end of three years. After four years more, the public administrator gets it, plus interest. He holds onto it for three years more. After that, if it remains unclaimed, it goes into the State treasury.

Ohio is even quicker than Louisiana. You only have to desert an Ohio dollar for seven years when it is turned over to the probate judge, who puts it in the county treasury. The bank no longer is responsible and the county can spend the money. But if you show up later, the county will have to pay you back.

Most States have no laws pertaining to dollars deserted in savings accounts or in commercial accounts. But even so, the States are no worse off than the United States. Federal law hardly recognizes that an account may remain inactive for a period so long as to remove any doubt that the depositor is dead.

But banks do not live forever, any more

than people. And when a bank goes out of business, still more dollar-deserters are discovered. These are particularly noticeable on the books of banks which have gone to the wall. When the bank's affairs are wound up, and the State banking authority starts notifying depositors of how much is due them, not infrequently some have disappeared.

The Federal law providing for the dollars that are left over after liquidation of moribund banks is typical of most State laws: When the affairs of an insolvent bank are wound up, unclaimed deposits go to the United States treasury. The same rule applies when a bank voluntarily goes out of business, although of sound financial structure.

But banks do not hold or own all the money in the world. A dollar invested in a shoe store is just as real as a dollar tucked away in a savings bank. It is possible to desert a dollar invested in a shoe store, also—easily possible if the shoe store happens to be a corporation.

Stock certificates have a way of demonstrating their worth in rather short order. If a company pays no dividends for a decade, and even refrains from asking for stockholders' proxies and advice on new wells and maintenance, you can be reasonably sure that it isn't a good company. As a rule, you would be safe in throwing away your stock, pretty though it may be.

But once in a long, long while even a phoney oil company will discover oil, or somebody else will bring in a well on land over which the phoney company may have some claim. Or the land may prove rich in coal, or gold, or exceptionally fertile for the raising of ginseng. When the holdings of such a company finally prove valuable, the stockholders are surprised too late, as a rule. Many of them never learn of their prosperity. So there's wholesale desertion of perfectly good dollars.

Even the best companies sometimes have stocks outstanding for which ownership cannot be traced. When an old corporation begins to wind up its affairs, it frequently is unable to account for all stock. After due process of advertising (in almost every State), the stocks are converted into cash and distributed among other stockholders.

After all, however, the dollars deserted in banks, corporations and bonds are in total probably not so large as the dollars deserted in old insurance policies. Although there is no way of estimating how many policies of actual value are deserted every year, I happen to know of one company, doing perhaps one percent of the life insurance business of this country, which annually shows on its books values of about \$100,000 due to people who have stopped paying their premiums and who cannot be reached by any ordinary means of communication.



The total of dollars so deserted could be estimated at \$10,000,000 annually, and probably the estimate would be away wrong. But you may be sure that the total is enormous. And you may be equally sure of one thing more: the money is not kept by the company. It is converted into some other form of insurance for the missing policy-holder. Insurance ethics, you see, are rather high.

As a result, it is possible to tell the perfectly true story of the old lady whom we have called "Mrs. Blank." The details of her case won't apply to all companies, but the principle of continuing her husband's insurance after he has stopped paying for it applies in every policy which represents a cash value.

For the most part, such policies will include all policies more than two years old. The longer a policy runs, the more it is worth. A \$10,000 policy, paid for over a period of fifteen or twenty years, will generally be worth \$10,000 cash, and in some cases even more.

Although all good companies try to inform policy-holders of their rights on the subject, thousands of people annually discontinue payments and think they automatically lose all they have had at stake. They go broke, wander away. The company tries to find them, writing letters . . . "Please forward!" The letters come back. . . "Address unknown." Then the company does one of two things.

It will convert the policy into term insurance for the full amount or it will insure the policy-holder for life at a fraction of the face value of the policy, depending on his equity in it at the time he discontinued his payments. Deserted insurance of this kind comes under the head of deserted estates. A recent magazine article stated that probably \$160,000,000 worth of estates have been deserted in this country and Europe. There are detective agencies which seem to have nothing to do but hunt up the missing younger sons of British dukes and Pittsburgh millionaires.

Of course, you'll say, "There isn't any lesson in this for *me*. I'm no duke's son. I keep up my insurance payments. I don't leave hundreds of dollars in the bank."

Just the same, it might be a good idea to write to that town where you worked last year and find out if the checking account which you brought down to \$0.14 really wasn't \$10.14.

And don't forget the war!

Thousands of young fellows went away then, leaving small bank accounts behind them. Some never came back. And many of these never told their parents about the money they had on deposit.

And even today, even *you*, with the bald spot on your head, exempt from the possibility of draft in a future war—even you may go away from home some time, open a temporary bank account, then step out into the street and under the wheels of a motor truck.

Whenever you invest money, it's a good thing to tell your heirs all about it.

## STRAIGHTENING A TANGLED ROMANCE . . . . . by ALBERT DORNE



YES, BUT THEIR ROMANCE WASN'T ALL PLAIN SAILING

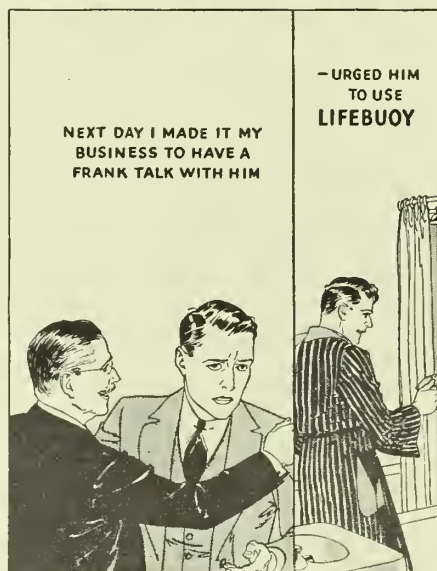
THEY'RE CERTAINLY CRAZY ABOUT ONE ANOTHER, THOSE TWO



THE FIRST TIME HE ASKED MY NIECE TO MARRY HIM, SHE TURNED HIM DOWN COLD

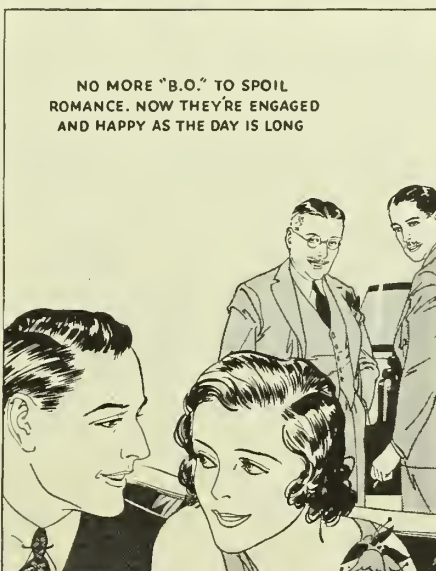


AFTER HE LEFT I FOUND HER SOBBING HER HEART OUT. AND SHE TOLD ME WHY SHE SAID "NO"



NEXT DAY I MADE IT MY BUSINESS TO HAVE A FRANK TALK WITH HIM

—URGED HIM TO USE LIFEBOUY



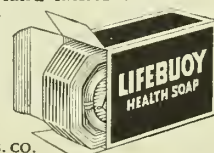
NO MORE "B.O." TO SPOIL ROMANCE. NOW THEY'RE ENGAGED AND HAPPY AS THE DAY IS LONG

### "B.O." wrecks (body odor) fondest hopes

ROMANCE—business or social success — may be seriously endangered by this unforgivable fault... "B.O." (body odor). Keep safe by bathing regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant lather purifies and deodorizes pores. Helps safeguard health, too, by removing germs from hands. Its pleasant, extra-clean scent vanishes as you rinse.

#### Great for the skin

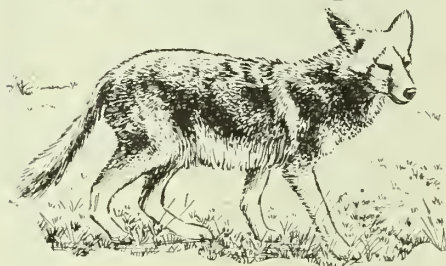
Lifebuoy's pure, bland lather cleanses gently and *safely* — makes dull skins glow with healthy radiance. Adopt Lifebuoy today.



A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROS. CO.



# Kills Coyote at 71 yards with Super-X .22 Cartridges



The remarkable power of Super-X long range .22's was demonstrated recently when Vernon W. Shields of Tooele, Utah, dropped a Coyote in its tracks with one shot. In writing about it, Mr. Shields said: "I was hunting jackrabbits and accidentally ran onto the Coyote...At the first shot he dropped heavily...I stepped off the distance at 71 yards. Now, as never before, I am a Super-X man. It is the only shell on the market for me."

## 50% MORE POWER than ordinary .22's

Super-X .22 cartridges are not recommended for shooting the larger animals but they have ample power to stop small game in its tracks at 75 to 100 yards or more. Super-X long range .22's give you 50% more power and 26% greater speed, due to Western's exclusive Double Action, smokeless powder. They're the ideal cartridges for game and pest shooting. Golden, greaseless, Lubaloy bullet. Nickel Plated case. Non-corrosive priming keeps your gun Clean without Cleaning.

**Big Game Booklet, FREE** Mail the coupon today for a copy of Col. Townsend Whelen's thrilling booklet, "American Big Game Shooting" and the leaflet, "4 Shock Tests" that shows how you can prove the greater shocking power of Super-X long range .22's.

**WESTERN CARTRIDGE COMPANY**  
568 HUNTER AVE., EAST ALTON, ILL.  
Branch Offices: Jersey City, N. J. & San Francisco, Cal.



WESTERN CARTRIDGE COMPANY  
568 Hunter Ave., East Alton, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me Col. Whelen's booklet, "American Big Game Shooting" and the leaflet, "4 Shock Tests"—Free.

Name .....  
Street No. ....  
Town ..... State .....

## The Debt

(Continued from page 15)

He told me you got to court-martial me first."

Whipple grinned. "That is perfectly true. But you've had your two hours pack drill, haven't you? You're up against the old army game, son. Nobody ever beat it yet, until he learned to be respectful and decent."

"What's your name, Sarge?" said The Mongoose, suddenly.

"I am First Sergeant James B. Whipple."

"I used to know a feller in New York by that name. Barney Whipple. Any relation to him? Come to think of it you might look someth'g like him wit' a big moustache, only you're younger an' thinner. Barney was a friend o' mine."

"I'm not related to him. I started soldiering in this regiment away back in 1898."

The Mongoose looked at the array of ribbons on the first sergeant's blouse and assumed Barney Whipple's service to have been continuous. "Don't see how you fellers stand it for a lifetime," he declared, puzzled. "The Army'd drive me crazy."

"It will—if you don't mind your P's and Q's. But you get used to it."

Barney Whipple knew that both The Mongoose and Nosey O'Kane were drug addicts; at least they had been, prior to their last term in Sing Sing penitentiary. He studied The Mongoose very carefully now, seeking the customary symptoms, but at the conclusion of his scrutiny he was not certain. Impatient under the first sergeant's calm, impersonal gaze, The Mongoose lashed out.

"I c'n prefer charges against the captain for disciplin' me without giving me th' privilege o' choosin' comp'ny punishment or a summary court-martial."

"Yes, the skipper made a mistake, son. You want to file charges against him?"

"You betcher life."

"Very well. The company clerk will prepare them for you, Bedlow. He knows how. Then you sign it and leave it with me. I will hand it to the captain, who will have to endorse it whether he wants to or not and refer it to the adjutant, who will refer it to the colonel, who will then call the captain in and say to him: 'Why did you do this to Private Bedlow?' The skipper will answer: 'Because he got fresh and looked impudent and insolent, so I just took the meringue off him.' The colonel will then file your charges in his wastebasket, and the next thing you know you'll be headed for France with a casualty replacement unit. Your service record will follow you there and there will be a notation on it that will make your new captain decide to get rid of you promptly. So he'll send you out on some job where you will run a grand risk of being killed or captured. That's the old army game, boy, and you can't beat it." He stood up, walked close to The Mongoose and placed his hand

paternally on the scoundrel's shoulder. "Better forget your grouch, son. Take this licking and see to it you don't earn another. Any time you're in trouble and want some sound advice, come to me. The guard-house lawyers will steer you wrong."

He was looking straight into the pupils of the man's eyes. They were widely distended. "Needs a shot," Barney Whipple decided.

"Aw right, Sarge," The Mongoose agreed. "But say! I been locked up in that recruit camp three weeks. How's chances f'r a pass to go to town?"

The first sergeant took a red card out of his desk and filled in a space on it with Bedlow's name, rank and number. "Tomorrow's Saturday, and we knock off drill at noon. That card will let you out. Get in by midnight or I'll have to take it away from you. The card's good while you behave yourself, Bedlow."

"You're a good egg," The Mongoose declared and fled with the card. Three minutes passed and then Nosey O'Kane presented himself. "How about a pass card, Sergeant?" he queried politely.

Barney Whipple gave him one. Verily (he thought) birds of a feather flock together.

When The Mongoose presented himself before going on leave, he was complimented by Barney Whipple, who walked to the door of the orderly room with him, and, at parting, favored The Mongoose with an admonitory slap on the shoulder. "Behave yourself, Bedlow," he called after the man.

Immediately a private soldier, whom The Mongoose did not know, stepped out of the company mess-hall and fell in behind The Mongoose as the latter headed for the street-car line. Nosey O'Kane, who had been sent back to polish his shoes, reported again for inspection, was given Barney Whipple's approval and departed with the same friendly slap on the back and the same parting admonition. And immediately another strange private emerged from the mess hall and followed O'Kane.

Scarcely had he gone before the second duty sergeant, Henson, dropped in on Barney Whipple. "Some skunk's stolen my platinum wrist watch," he complained. "I put it in my trousers pocket when I went for a shower, and when I looked for it a minute ago it was gone."

"I'll see what I can do about it, Henson," Barney promised him. "Better get yourself a cheap watch and then nobody will be tempted to steal it. Meanwhile, say nothing to anybody about this theft."

Just as the first sergeant was about to depart for town that same afternoon, he had a call from one Private Barrett. Barrett was an old-time army gambler and further added to his income by loaning money between paydays at usurious rates of interest, taking as security when he could get it watches, rings or what-have-you.



"Top," he announced, "we got a thief in this outfit."

"You lose something, Barrett?"

"A diamond ring. About a carat an' worth maybe two hundred dollars. I'd loaned Mecklejohn fifty on it. I was wearin' it, figurin' the safest place for it was on my hand—an' some son swiped it off my finger while I was asleep."

"You must be a sound sleeper. Were you soused?"

"Well, I'd had a few, I admit."

"What men are in the tent with you?"

Barrett named them. One was Private Maher, né Nosey O'Kane.

"Don't say anything about this to anybody, Barrett," Barney warned. "Give me a chance to work on it and I'll see what I can do for you."

On Sunday morning First Sergeant Whipple strolled over to the Intelligence Office of the division and sought the commanding officer. "Hello, Sergeant," that individual hailed him cheerfully, "I have some interesting news for you. My men trailed the two men you indicated. They went straight to town and headed immediately for a pawn-broker's shop. Bedlow pawned a platinum wrist watch and Maher pawned a diamond ring. From the pawnshop they went to a house we have had under suspicion for quite a while. We suspect that dope is peddled there to soldiers. They remained at the house one hour and then went to a restaurant, where they ate—" he consulted a typewritten report "—some clear soup and crackers, two orders of cream-puffs each and two glasses of milk. From the restaurant they went to a picture show, and later in the evening to another. They got in at eleven-fifty p. m. in good order and very cheerful. Undoubtedly they are drug addicts, although what form of drug they are addicted to we did not learn."

"Yes, sir, the light food they ate would indicate that. They're cokes. A drug addict's stomach can't handle the army ration very successfully. Well, thank you, sir. I have all the information I require now, so if the captain will leave the matter in my hands I'll attend to it."

"If you need any more help call me up, Sergeant. That's what we're here for."

The Mongoose and O'Kane went to mess in shirt sleeves. As soon as they entered the mess hall, the first sergeant went to the tent occupied by The Mongoose and searched the latter's blouse. In the inside breast pocket he found a tattered bill-fold and in the bill-fold he found a pawn-ticket, a tiny hypodermic syringe and six bindles of cocaine. He replaced them and made a similar search of Nosey O'Kane's quarters, where he was rewarded by finding a pawn-ticket in the inside breast pocket of the latter's blouse, but no drugs. So he searched the man's haversack and blanket bag and failed again. Under the mattress, however, he found six bindles of cocaine and a hypodermic syringe, which he appropriated, together with the pawn ticket. Then he returned to the tent occupied by The Mongoose and (Continued on page 48)

## "What Outfit, Buddy?"



REMEMBER the dark nights, the pouring rain, the muddy roads, and the old question, "What outfit, buddy?"

And the answers, "Y.M.C.A. replacements" or "Raggedy Ann cadets" or what have you—anything but the right answer.

Well, whether the right answer in your case should have been First or Ninety-first, whether you were in the A.E.F., the Siberian Expedition, the Navy or the S. O. S., you'll find some of the old gang now living here in Southern California.

That's why we're suggesting that before or after the Portland convention you head down here. Make Southern California part of your itinerary. Plan in advance, and stage that big reunion you've been looking forward to. You'll have the vacation of your life at the same time.

Take a dip in the Pacific too. Visit gay Hollywood and mingle with the stars. Explore mile-high mountains, old Spanish Mis-

sions, orange groves, resort cities like Santa Monica, Long Beach, Pasadena, Beverly Hills, Pomona and Glendale—all the famous sights and places that make up this great playground-of-the-world which Los Angeles centers. Summer days are clear and rainless, nights so cool you'll sleep under blankets. Moreover, Southern California vacation costs are lower than ever this year. Now, for the first time, your railroad ticket costs no more if you see the whole Pacific Coast, entering via the north and returning via Southern California, or vice versa.

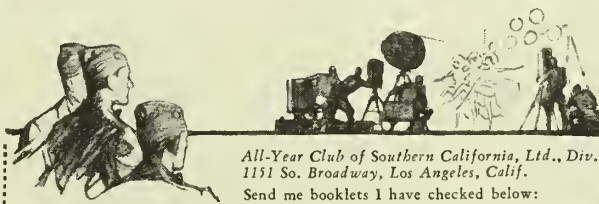
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For complete information write A. J. Dickinson, Great Northern Railway, St. Paul, Minn.

**Route of the famous  
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## The Debt

(Continued from page 47)

tucked Nosey O'Kane's pawn ticket, his supply of cocaine and his "gun" into the tattered bill-fold. When The Mongoose and Nosey O'Kane emerged from mess Whipple called:

"Bedlow! A C Company man on guard is sick and the sergeant-major has sent over for another C Company man to take his place. Snap into your blouse, pin on your belt and rifle and report to me here for inspection before going on guard."

When The Mongoose, surly because of the unexpected detail, reported to him, Barney Whipple said: "What's that big bulge inside your blouse? You got some sort o' malignant growth there? It makes you look lop-sided, man. You want to remember that a soldier doesn't go on guard with his pockets bulging like a small boy's. Hand over what you've got in that pocket."

The Mongoose hesitated, so Whipple unbuttoned the fellow's blouse, reached in and abstracted the bill-fold. For an instant he thought The Mongoose was going to club him with his rifle, but he evidently thought better of it. Whipple tossed the bill-fold

on his desk. Then, "Sit down," he commanded, and set the rifle and belt in a distant corner. "You didn't want to let me see what you had in your pocket, did you? Had a notion to clout me with your piece, too, eh? Well, your rifle and bayonet are mine now and just for that I'll have a look into this bill-fold."

He upended it, poured its contents out on the desk and whistled. "Twelve bindles of cocaine, two guns and two pawn-tickets. I had a notion you were on the hop, Bedlow. It isn't permitted in the service, you know. Mind if I look at these pawn-tickets? There's been a watch and a diamond ring stolen in the company lately. Hello, one of these tickets shows a loan of twenty-five dollars on a platinum wrist watch and the other a loan of the same amount on a one-carat diamond ring. Bedlow, this looks very suspicious. Can you explain it?"

"I don't know how them things got in my pocket," The Mongoose snarled. "Honest, Sarge, I never stole nothin'. Somebody's tryin' to frame me."

(To be concluded)

## War in Washington's Time and Now

(Continued from page 9)

survey, of the roads, of the rivers and bridges and fords over them, and of the mountains and passes through them, it would be of the greatest advantage."

Compare the crude methods then available for making sketchy charts with the elaborate contour maps now available for nearly every foot of ground in Europe or America, and consider the resources of reconnaissance by air with photographic pictures of every least detail.

Nowadays freshly turned up earth is discoverable from the air; a path across the grass is quickly recognized; shadows tell stories, and the most ingenious devices in camouflage are necessary to conceal entrenchment, or the movement of troops from observers of an army posted a hundred miles away or more. Even night marches and activities may be illumined and studied.

During the World War we put under arms about 4,727,000 soldiers. At the outbreak of the Revolution the whole thirteen colonies had a total population of less than three million, men, women and children, nearly half of whom were so sympathetic to the British that at times there were more native-born Americans fighting against Washington than with him.

Washington's whole scattered army never totaled twenty-five thousand at any one time, and he probably never saw at once an army as big as the 12,022 Y. M. C. A. secretaries of the World War.

The fighting strength of the colonies

should have been about 400,000 men, but a paper strength of 90,000 was never attained; and the average effectives ranged from five to ten thousand.

Desertion was so frequent that Washington called it "a business." Recruiting was accomplished in various ways, most of them inefficient. Officers and men cheated. The poor soldier of that day was whipped for nearly every imaginable infraction of the numberless rules. He was whipped for swearing, playing cards, drinking, insubordination, plundering, everything. He was rarely paid and when he got a bit of money it was apt to be worth little or nothing.

He was rarely and badly fed and so scantily clad that in 1782 after seven years of war and the surrender of Cornwallis, General Greene had a thousand men with nothing to wear but breech-clouts.

Military hygiene, like civil hygiene, was practically unheard-of at that time and Greene speaks of sick soldiers who were "eat up by maggots and perished." All the theories of disease, antiseptics and anesthesia were unknown then. Plagues raged, the smallpox incapacitated whole armies and postponed campaigns.

Every form of graft and thievery known to corrupt humanity was practised during the Revolutionary War and the words of Washington and of Congress describing the hideous dishonesty and privateering make the blood run cold.

For example, when Washington's army



was freezing and starving at Valley Forge and shoeless sentries stood in their hats to keep their feet off the snow, there were thousands of shoes and uniforms hidden away to be held for better prices.

The quartermasters and commissaries, like the surgeons, were often convicted of robbery and the best of them were speculators. Even General Nathanael Greene was a secret partner in a supply firm and we have his letters written in a special cipher. Like Robert Morris, the treasurer, he went bankrupt with a crash at the end of the war.

The farmers preferred to sell to the British and often refused to accept the worthless scrip of Congress, so that Washington said once that it took a wagonload of money to buy a wagonload of provisions. In all of this little-advertised scandal and corruption and selfishness, Washington stands out as the spotless patriot, who took no pay for his seven years of war, advanced his own funds when necessary and was brought to the brink of bankruptcy while the farmers paid off their mortgages and the merchants grew rich.

One of the most conspicuous differences between war in Washington's day and in the World War was, of course, in the arms and equipment of the infantry, cavalry, artillery, and other services.

The usual weapon of the infantryman then was the fowling piece called the Brown Bess. It weighed about fourteen pounds, was seven feet long and had an effective range of forty yards. The rifle of the World War was the .30 caliber Springfield, model 1903. It weighed eight and a half pounds, without its one-pound bayonet. It was three feet, seven inches long and had a range of 3,450 yards with a muzzle velocity of 2,700 feet a second.

There were thirteen kinds of musket in use in Revolutionary times, three styles of musketoon and a few rifles. The weapon was so lengthy as almost to justify the story that if a man missed a squirrel when he fired he could knock him down afterward.

Compare the modern rifleman lying out in concealment and scoring bull's eyes at a thousand yards, by the aid of telescopic sights and windgauge, with the Virginians who dazed the New Englanders in 1775 by their ability to hit a target sixty-six yards away. The musket that they used was almost as dangerous to the firer as to the free and in any case it kicked like a mule and turned a shoulder into raw beef in short order.

The recoil of the modern rifle is taken up by the weapon and kept busy doing its internal affairs so that the soldier of today can fire twenty-three aimed shots in a minute using the rifle as a single loader and twenty-five a minute using the magazine—practically a shot every two seconds, while the Revolutionary soldier was lucky to get away one a minute. After he had fired he had to declare an armistice to reload.

In Washington's day the soldier had to pour powder into the muzzle of his long flintlock (Continued on page 50)

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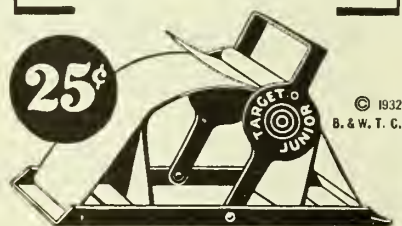
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## War in Washington's Time and Now

(Continued from page 49)

and ram it down with the cartridge paper, and also pour powder into the flashpan where the flint could spark it. But good flints were hard to get and shape and wore out after sixty rounds, so they constantly missed fire. Besides, a little wind would blow the powder out of the flashpan and a little rain would render the weapon useless. After the Brandywine battle, Washington and Howe faced each other in a driving rain and could not fight at all because their guns would not shoot.

It took quite a ritual to get a company to load and fire in unison. Compare the modern commands, giving the target, the range, and the word "Commence firing!" with this little libretto in use in 1776 for firing and reloading:

1. *Poise your Firelocks!* . . . . . 2 motions
  - a. (Lock outward, firelock perpendicular.)
  - b. (Left hand just above the lock and of an equal height with the eyes.)
2. *Cock your Firelocks!* . . . . . 2 motions
3. *Present!* . . . . . 1 motion
  - a. (Six inches to rear with right foot. Butt-end to shoulder.)
4. *Fire!* . . . . . 1 motion
5. *Half-cock your Firelocks!* . . . 1 motion
6. *Handle your Cartridge!* . . . . 1 motion
  - a. (Slap your Pouch, seize Cartridge, bite top well off.)
7. *Prime!* . . . . . 1 motion
  - a. (Shake the powder into the pan.)
8. *Shut your Pans!* . . . . . 2 motions
9. *Charge with Cartridge!* . . . . 2 motions
  - a. (Put the Cartridge into the muzzle, shaking the powder into the barrel.)
  - b. (Hand on Rammer.)
10. *Draw your Rammers!* . . . . . 2 motions
11. *Ram down your Cartridge!* . . 1 motion
12. *Return your Rammers!* . . . . 1 motion
13. *Shoulder your Firelocks!* . . . 2 motions
  - a. (Left hand under butt.)
  - b. (Right hand thrown down at side.)

When this is understood one is less surprised to read how often the militia fired one shot and then fled. To stand with an empty musket and go through all those motions while the enemy infantry was charging with eager bayonet or the dragoons were galloping with slashing sabers and lances poised across a little interval of forty yards was asking something of a farmer.

The short range firing, the slow loading, the cartridge-biting, and all that continued on through the Civil War and the soldiers had to stand up to reload. The individual had a chance to shine then as always, and the sharpshooter and sniper could accomplish wonders, though "Sharpshooter" is not so old a word as we think. It began

when Sharp's rifle was invented in 1857. But sniping was so important in Washington's day that a good case was made out for the theory that an Irishman won the Revolution. Of course it would be an Irishman. This is the story:

If Burgoyne had succeeded in his march down the Hudson River to New York and a junction with Howe, the Revolution would have been lost to us. Burgoyne's best officer was General Fraser. At a critical moment in the Battle of Saratoga, General Fraser had assembled his men to turn the flank of the nervous Americans. If he had succeeded a crushing defeat would have followed.

But Tim Murphy climbed a tree, spotted General Fraser and shot him off his high white horse. Fraser's sudden death threw his troops into such a panic that they broke before the American charge. Burgoyne's army was crushed and captured. The French made an alliance with us and we won the war—that is, Tim Murphy won the war. But he had help.

The fire-power of modern infantry compares with the fire-power of the Revolutionary almost as a cloudburst with a syringe. The machine gun with which one can mow the grass or spray down an advancing line was something undreamed of. Compare again the one shot a minute to the machine-gun's five hundred. And the tendency since the World War is to increase the number of automatic rifles in a company, and enlarge the machine gun and other destructive elements to the point where the supply of ammunition is the only restraining factor.

In the matter of artillery in its every phase there has been astounding increase of power. The Big Bertha, as tall as a ten story building, sent shells eighty miles and one of them killed eighty-eight people and wounded sixty-eight in a Paris church on a Good Friday. At the siege of Boston in 1775, when the British fired their heavy guns, the spent cannon balls rolled along the ground at such velocity that men stopped them with their feet and were rewarded with liquor, until broken legs grew so common that the practice was stopped.

The thirteen colonies began the war with practically no gun foundries and no powder. When Washington reached Boston to take command and learned how little powder there was he almost fainted and could not speak for half an hour. Yet he kept up a bluff and maintained a thirteen-mile line of sentries around the town with not an ounce of powder.

They had trenches of a sort in Washington's time, threw up breastworks, and built redoubts and various types of fortification, but these were meant, of course, only to resist such missiles as the times afforded and they would have been but pasteboard to modern assault.

In Washington's time there were of course no dugouts, underground barracks



or concrete pillboxes, and the trenches they had were shallow. Barbed wire entanglements were naturally unknown as barbed wire was not invented until 1867. Hence the picturesque and perilous world of No Man's Land with its wire-cutting exploits, its Very lights, enormous shell holes and rodent night-life were missing.

Washington found about fifteen thousand men around Boston and divided them into three grand divisions of two brigades each, with twelve regiments to each brigade. According to our Tables of Organization corrected to 1929, one modern infantry division has an aggregate of 19,779 officers and men, and a battalion an aggregate of 852.

According to the resolutions of May 27, 1778, each battalion of infantry contained 477 privates divided into nine companies with a company of light infantry. A battalion had, for officers, a colonel, a lieutenant-colonel, a major, six captains, one captain-lieutenant, eight lieutenants, nine ensigns, one surgeon, twenty-seven sergeants, eighteen drums and fifes, and twenty-seven corporals.

But this looked better on paper than on the ground, for after three years of warfare Baron Steuben described what he found at Valley Forge:

"The eternal ebb and flow of men engaged for three, six, and nine months, who went and came every day, rendered it impossible to have either a regiment or a company complete. . . . I have seen a regiment consisting of *thirty men*, and a company of *one corporal*. . . .

"If the captains and the colonels could give no account of their men, they could give still less an account of their arms, accouterments, clothing, ammunition, camp equipage, etc. Nobody kept an account but the commissaries, who furnished all the articles. . . .

"The loss of bayonets was still greater. The American soldier, never having used this arm, had no faith in it, and never used it but to roast his beefsteak, and indeed often left it at home. . . .

"The men were literally naked, some of them in the fullest extent of the word. The officers who had coats, had them of every color and make. I saw officers, at a grand parade at Valley Forge, mounting guard in a sort of dressing gown, made of an old blanket or woolen bed-cover. . . ."

There was, of course, nothing like our General Staff, though a Board of War and Ordnance was appointed June 12, 1776, and succeeded mainly in adding to the confusion. The first Secretary at War, not "of War," was appointed in 1781 when General Knox accepted the post.

He was our great artilleryman, having perfected himself during his leisure as a bookseller by reading such works as he could import. At the battle of Germantown when some British soldiers took refuge in a stone residence and sniped the advancing troops, Knox insisted that the building must be reduced before the troops advanced, though (Continued on page 52)

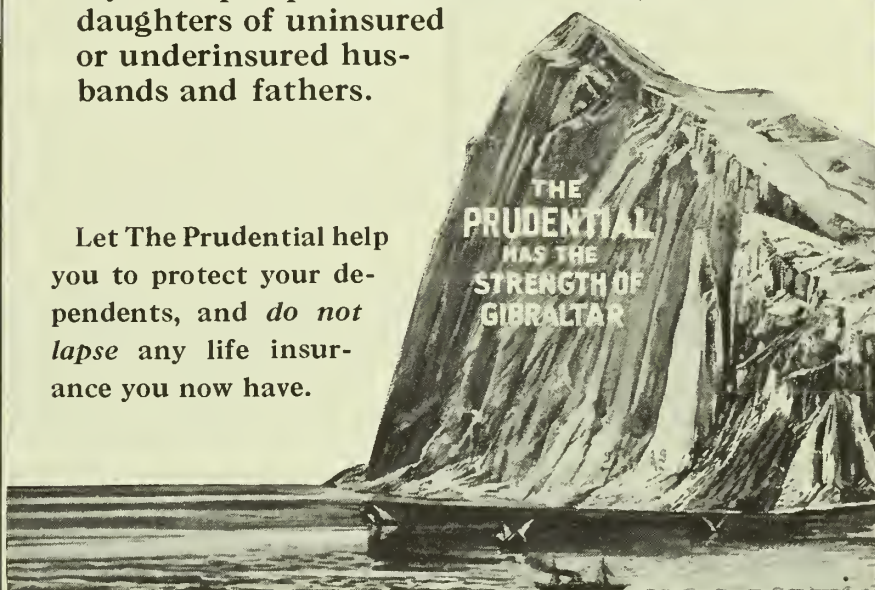
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# War in Washington's Time and Now

(Continued from page 51)

two generals were already far ahead fighting through the mist.

Washington and his staff had to pause and form a debating society for half an hour. Then Knox had his way and cannon began a vain bombardment of the Chew house. Its walls are still intact.

As for cavalry, Washington's warfare was almost as devoid of it as the World War was. The greatest horseman of his time, he showed little interest in mounted troops and in 1776 there was not a single cavalry company in active service. Later this deficiency was remedied.

It is easy to disparage the military arrangements of 1776, but perhaps the warriors of a hundred and fifty years hence will think that our gigantic inventions are mere toys for nursery squabbles. It is perhaps treason to imply that there will still be war in the year 2082, but I predict that another, the *n*th "war to end war" will be raging at that time, with a Bigger and Better Bertha firing from an emplacement in a crater on the moon.

For the present let us pay to Washington, the Soldier, the tributes due his superhuman integrity, energy, perseverance and courage, without which we should not now be the great nation that celebrates its little beginnings. When the New Jersey National Guard recently put on a show and bridged the Delaware with pontoon boats made of aluminum and duralumin and propelled by outboard motors, they only emphasized the importance of that Christmas night when Washington's ragamuffins pushed through the ice in their big barges.

The famous picture is of course all wrong. But Washington did cross the Delaware and with 2,500 men captured 900 tipsy Hessians. Also, he did march down to Yorktown, 1781; and with 9,000 Americans and 31,000 Frenchmen he captured Cornwallis and his 4,000 British and 2,000 Germans. And that made possible the nation which recently celebrated the surrender with pageantry and pomp in which Cornwallis'

living descendant was proud to take part.

Previous to the ceremony, on July 2, 1931, a sham battle was fought for the benefit of cadets from West Point, where Washington spent so many such anxious hours. And this battle told a vivid story of the progress of our arms.

In the sham battle of 1931 the combat opened with an advance, under artillery barrage, of a group of heavy tanks, which left the road, climbed a steep bank and crossed a wide field at a speed that reached twenty-two miles an hour. Some of the tanks carried only machine guns of .30 caliber, others .50 caliber guns and one-pounders. After the front line of tanks came a motorized .75 field gun, then a light tank, then another .75; then three tanks. Small rubber-tired trucks carrying .30 and .50 caliber machine guns supported the tanks.

From the highway a new gun fired 4.2 shells loaded with a liquid substitute for the lethal gas it would discharge in real war.

The tanks broke a road through a pine forest and leveled it so that transport automobiles could follow. In the tanks and armored cars there was radio equipment for the receipt of commands; the current being generated by auxiliary storage batteries charged from a special machine carried with the troops. An engineering car with special equipment for repairing bridges, removing obstacles and other pioneer work was present and an automobile carried a .75 caliber howitzer at automobile speed.

In the air were eighteen planes, nine bombers and six attack planes, which spread smoke screens and swooped over imaginary trenches as bombers dropped blank bombs.

When Washington saw the attack of the Americans and the French on the Yorktown redoubts, he said: "The work is done, and well done. Billy, hand me my horse."

Today he would have been watching from an airplane probably. But in either case he would have been Washington.

## To Every Town and City

(Continued from page 24)

posts and Auxiliary units—the men and women who actually got out, from house to house and factory to factory, looking for jobs for the jobless.

In Wilmington, Delaware, Rev. Park W. Huntington, State Chairman, reported: "Ten Legion canvassers began work at 10 o'clock in Wilmington and by 10:30 one man got an order for 100 experienced women workers to report at once." J. C. Huffman, Post Commander at Konawa, Oklahoma, wired in before the smoke of the barrage had lifted: "Depression is history in Konawa. Seventy-eight men given

employment. Every unemployed man is now working." On the heels of that wire came one from the post at Michigan City, Indiana, that in one day eight men had been employed and \$12,000 pledged.

Frank A. Johnson Post, George B. Roberts, Commander, Johnson City, New York, reported: "One hundred and seventy-nine men placed at work. Post has taken care of more than 120 families with food, coal and clothing." The Legion in Ohio sponsored a "Public Confidence Week," so designated by Governor White in a formal proclamation.



C. A. Firth, Commander of Swift-Murphy Post of Safford, Arizona, sent the word that the Legion was working with the Lions and Rotary Clubs in establishing a community wood yard. The Legion Unemployment Committee in Winthrop, Maine, working with the Citizens Committee, circularized all residents for work and asked each person having steady employment to pledge two cents of every dollar earned each day to a fund to create work. Benton Harbor (Michigan) Post ran an "Exposition of Progress" which put ten people to work and got work for more. From Buffalo, New York, the posts reported that Erie County was heading an "American Legion Home Campaign" in the towns of the county. George M. Kemp Post reported for the Stroudsburgs and Monroe County, Pennsylvania, an "American Legion Prosperity Campaign and Drive" which got 500 pledges for a grand total of \$805,910 for improvement and building work.

Charles C. Zatarain reported for New Orleans: "Twenty-five hundred Legionnaires and citizens co-operating in New Orleans drive. Placed 54 in jobs Friday." Post Commander James Spegman of Hollis-Bellaire Post reports his outfit has had perfect success with the man-a-block plan in Bellaire and Hollis, two Long Island suburbs of New York City. The 204 men it put to work, each in a block, serve 35,000 residents.

Will F. Candler, the Commander of

Stanley Martin Post, Lafayette, Louisiana, sent this flash: "Permanent or part-time jobs secured for 101. We may not be doing this according to Hoyle, but we are getting results." In Clarksburg, West Virginia, the Legion fired its own broadside with half-page newspaper advertisements which were headed, "Will You Help Some Child's Daddy Get a Job?"

W. Everett Barnes, Adjutant of Greenwich (Connecticut) Post, reported that 95 men had been put back to work laying public utility lines and putting wires underground, and that the post itself had given two men a week's work cleaning and overhauling its old German gun. Robert C. Rankin of Coleman-Southard Post, at Reidsville, North Carolina, wired in: "Ninety-two jobless placed in permanent jobs by American Tobacco Company which is co-operating 100 percent." Raymond F. Winston, commander of Westpall Post, Robbinsdale, Minnesota, reported that the post had paid for ads in local newspapers urging residents to furnish work and that the newspapers were delivered free to every house in the city. Temporary jobs were obtained for 953.

Edward L. Boatright, Commander of Portland (Oregon) Post, reported: "Portland-plan opened with a bang. Pledges totaling \$160,000 turned in first day from 50 workers out of 1,000 workers." B. Leo Dolan, of Lockport (New York) Post reported a successful "Do It Now" campaign, in which \$192,018 was pledged, 95

men given immediate work and 42 men promised work within three weeks.

R. J. Hart, Commander of Buckland Post at Homer, Nebraska, reported it thus: "It is almost impossible to get a job for anyone who is unemployed, but we have been feeding them and also feeding their stock." William S. Pritchard, Commander of Birmingham (Alabama) Post, reported pledges of support from every local organization, and a mass meeting of 1,500 campaign workers. At the end of the first two days cash pledges totaled \$500,000 for work for jobless. Objective is \$5,000,000 worth of work.

In Laramie, Wyoming, and Clovis, New Mexico, jobless men were given work stenciling numbers on business houses. In Laurel, Mississippi, Marvin E. Stainton Post conducted a campaign for the cleaning up and beautification of the city, got jobs totaling 5,087 days' work for heads of families and aided a total of 901 men.

Then, too, there is news that the Auxiliary in Iowa has set aside a "Community Responsibility Day" to boost along the unemployment drive. Here is a report from Paul Schnell Post at Piqua, Ohio, that the Legion is co-operating in a "Clean-up, Paint-up and Repair Campaign." And James E. Coffey Post at Nashua, New Hampshire, reported that 100 men were put to work cutting ice at Tarnic Pond, Hudson, New Hampshire.

And many more. The command, you see, is still "Forward!"

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It's the amount and quality of chicle used that makes such a big difference in chewing gum—Beech-Nut Gum contains a larger proportion of the world's finest chicle than any other gum on the market. This EXTRA

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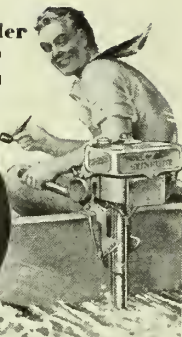




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Wash., D. C. Estab. 1869  
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# A Gentleman from Missouri

(Continued from page 32)

He has an orchard, and used to raise vegetables on a fairly extensive household scale, but has given that up to devote more attention to his flowers and shrubs.

At the Democratic National Convention at Houston four years ago Colonel Clark and his friend and fellow-member of the platform committee, Governor Dan Moody of Texas, got into a little debate over the Eighteenth Amendment. Clark remarked that some of the witnesses before the committee had confused the legal aspect of matters by insisting that an attempt to repeal the amendment was nullification, treason or other grave impropri-

ety. When Governor Moody did not seem to agree entirely Clark told him to look up John Quincy Adams's fight for the right of petition in the House—a fight directed against slavery, which Mr. Adams carried on for many years as a member of the House after his service in the Presidency.

Back from the convention, Clark himself began reading up on Adams. Finding there was no adequate biography of him he started a job of research that lasted two years. Bennett Clark's book, "J. Q. A., Old Man Eloquent", will be published in September by the Atlantic Monthly Press.

## 'Twas an Ill Wind

(Continued from page 35)

and then enlisted in the U. S. Naval Reserve Force, being one out of seventeen applicants accepted. Lasted three months or until report came in to the Federal rendezvous, Third Naval District, that I had previously been discharged from the Army. The Navy told me they didn't want Army rejects.

"Three days later I had a job with the Army Transport Service as civilian quartermaster, hoping to get across and meet up with my old outfit. Then heard I could make the new Army which was less critical of minor defects and post-mortems. Hopped in, reporting at Camp Upton, New York, in sailor rig; was made a corporal in six days and nine days later was on my way to the Fourth Officers' Training Camp, Camp Custer, Michigan. Commissioned at Camp Taylor, Kentucky, August 31, 1918, sailed as second lieutenant, Field Artillery, from Newport News, Virginia, with the October Field Artillery Replacement Depot, out of Camp Jackson, consisting of 3,750 men commanded by 1st Lieutenant Paul Burrell."

23d ENGRS., Co. F, Truck Co. 4, 2d Bn. Hq.—John H. D. Smith, Orondo, Wash.  
VETS. of 31st Ry. ENGRS.—F. E. Love, 113 First av., W., Cedar Rapids, Iowa.  
39th Ry. ENGRS.—B. E. Ryan, 308 Central st., Elkins, W. Va.  
60th ENGRS. (RY. OPER.)—L. H. Foord, 3318 Flower st., Huntington Park, Calif.  
TANK CORPS VETS. Assoc.—Nicholas Salowich, 1401 Barlum Tower, Detroit, Mich.  
FOREIGN SCHOOL SQDRN., 29th & 400th Aero SQDRNS.—Maynard Legg, 5904-29th av., Portland, Ore.  
93d AERO SQDRN.—J. W. Schmalz, Harbine, Nebr.  
656th AERO SUP. SQDRN.—J. M. Panek, Amity, Ore.  
880th AERO SQDRN.—A. J. Evers, 619 Flatsop av., Portland, Ore.  
AL. S. T. 406—R. R. Morgan, P. O. Box 207, Sta. A, Palo Alto, Calif.  
U. S. S. Nicholson—J. L. Murphy, 870 Market st., San Francisco, Calif.  
S. O. L. SOCIETY—C. F. Irwin, Rural Valley, Pa.

Timely notices of activities other than convention reunions, follow:

4th Div. Assoc. of N. Y.—Hotel Lafayette, 9th st. and University pl., New York City, May 14. C. E. Dunn, 59 E. 9th st., New York City.  
42d Div.—Los Angeles Calif., July 13-15. F. R. Kerlin, 1021 Van Nuys bldg., Los Angeles.  
80th Div.—Harrisonburg, Va., Aug. 4-7. R. L. Stults, New Market, Va.  
Co. D, 159th INF.—Reunion, San Rafael, Calif., May 29. C. H. Locati, 51 Park dr., San Anselmo, Calif.  
329th F. A.—Reunion, Hotel Ft. Shelby, Detroit, Mich., June 13-14. Edward Tighe, 9937 Mack av., Detroit.  
301st F. S. BN.—Reunion, Hartford, Conn., May 14. D. H. Gorman, 541 Sea st., Quincy, Mass.  
TANK CORPS—Proposed reunion at Gettysburg, Pa., during summer, in addition to Portland convention reunion. L. A. Wassermann, 167 E. 82d st., New York City.  
35th AERO SQDRN.—Reunion. D. K. Mitchell, 51 Park av., Middleport, N. Y.  
45th and 143d AERO SQDRNS.—Reunion, Hotel Stephen Girard, Philadelphia, Pa., early part of May. Samuel H. Paul, 4250 Wissahickon av., Philadelphia.  
1st Gas RFGT. Assoc.—Annual reunion, June 11, with Gabby Street as guest. Victor Lomuller, 74 W. 69th st., New York City.  
AMB. Co. 35, 7th SAN. TRN., 7th Div.—Reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., in conjunction State convention, Aug. 18-20. J. H. Barry, 121 N. 12th st., Sunbury, Pa.

OUTFITS are lining up for meetings in conjunction with the Legion national convention in Portland, Oregon, September 12th to 15th. Legionnaire T. Henry Boyd, 222 Pacific Building, Portland, has been appointed Chairman of the Convention Reunions Committee, and is ready to help all outfits in making plans for convention meetings, dinners and other activities.

The convention reunions announced are listed below. Details may be obtained from the men whose names and addresses are given:

12th INF.—H. J. Friedman, 1170 Sandy blvd., Portland, Ore.  
31st INF. DET., SIBERIA—E. Swan, Malakwa, B. C., Canada.  
1st ENGRS.—Harry A. Bidlake, P. O. Box 1645, Tacoma, Wash.  
20th ENGRS. (FORESTRY)—W. W. Belcher, 510 Court st., The Dalles, Ore.  
23d ENGRS. (HWY.)—F. J. Brennan, 1305 E. 18th st., Portland, Ore.

WHILE we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 600 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

115th INF., Co. D, 29th Div.—Statements from former comrades, particularly the captain in com-



mand, and Pvt. Victor MILLER, who recall explosion of shell that caused ear injury to former Pvt. Paul HARRIS.

HUNT, Dwight Raymond, 6 ft., wt. about 145 lbs., gray eyes, brown hair, wears shell-rim glasses. Right leg slightly stiff due to war wound. Last heard from in New York City five years ago. Missing. Wife and son need assistance.

BASE HOSP., Camp Merritt, N. J.—Statements from former officers, nurses and comrades, including Maj. LADINSKY, ward doctor, Miss DAY, nurse, and MALMQUIST, RINSLEY, MCKENDREE, MARSHALL, THOMPSON and FLETCHER, who recall foot trouble suffered by George E. INNES. Claims due to having to wear tennis shoes while working in ward and as cook. Suffering from flat feet, hemorrhoids, gastritis, constipation and laryngitis.

116TH INF., Co. A, 29TH DIV.—Statements from former comrades, particularly sgt., who recall shrapnel wound in right thigh suffered by August JACKSON while engaged in hand-to-hand fight. Sgt. removed shrapnel; Jackson was sent to Field Hosp., but no record.

TROOP KITCHEN No. 14, Camp Pontenazen, Brest, France—Kitchen personnel, including men from 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th Cook Cos., especially Sgt. Charles MOORE and Cpls. BARBRIE and SMITH, and Nurses MCKINON and KNUTESON, who remember foot disability suffered by Cpl. John E. KNAPP, 2d Cook Co., during Mar. and Apr., 1919.

23d ENGRS., Co. B—Former members at Camp Meade, Md., from Nov. 1917, to Jan., 1918, can assist Frank KOZENY with claim.

17TH M. G. BN., Co. D, 6TH DIV.—Statements from former members, including Capt. DEWITT, Lts. WHITE and SNYDER, 1st Sgt. EDGINTON, and Pvs. DIEDZICKI and KRYSAK, who recall Constantino LEVANDOSKY being taken from trenches to Jerome Hosp. account severe cold; also operation on left leg of same man in Camp Hosp., Camp Georgia (Chickamauga Park?), Georgia.

112TH SAN. TRN., Co. 145, 37TH DIV.—Statements from former Sgt. HAGENS or HEGANS (formerly of Canton, Ohio) to support claim of Theodore MANOLIS.

105TH AMM. TRN., 30TH DIV.—Former comrades who can aid Wagoner Edgar W. MCCULLERS in claim for defective vision which was shown when he drove truck over French camion and horse, being reduced to pvt. as result.

103d ENGRS., Co. B, 28TH DIV.—Statements from Q. M. Sgt. LOBBER and other men and officers who remember disability sustained by Louis R. McDUGALL during Mar., 1919, at Urufe, France, when he was thrown from wagon of old clothes at delousing plant, account team of mules running away. Injured groin.

20TH AMB. CO., 6TH SAN. TRN., 6TH DIV.—Former members, including ABBOT, BARSKY, Cpts. BRADY and BROCK, CANTRELL, SHUNK, THOMPSON and VANDERVEEN, who recall Pvt. Willie H. MEDLEN being treated in hospital at Anniston, Ala., 1917, and in A. E. F., 1919, for foot ailment.

16TH INF., Co. F, 1st DIV.—Affidavits from former comrades who served in Cantigny offensive, needed by Alexander N. MUNYER.

138TH INF., Co. D, 35TH DIV.—Statements from former comrades with company from June 20, 1918, to Jan. 30, 1919, who recall gas and shells sent over by enemy on night of July 11, 1918, and remember disability of Pvt. Charlie O. NERMAN who was gassed.

26TH INF., Co. F, 1st DIV., and BASE HOSP. No. 76, Vichy, France—Former comrades and also medical major who x-rayed David OWEN in Base Hosp. No. 76 and diagnosed his ailment as tuberculosis. Also in hospital at Elira, France. OWEN is t. b. patient in hospital and needs statements to support claim.

BASE HOSP. No. 101, A. P. O. 701, St. Nazaire, France—Affidavits from Capt. SMEDLEY, medical corps, Chief Nurse Miss WAGNER, and others who recall Harry T. REYNOLDS, pvt., 16th Co., S.A.R.D., Inf., as patient suffering from spinal meningitis, influenza and bronchitis, during Oct. and Nov., 1918.

2d Co., 1st Div. Bn., Camp Funston, Kas.—Former members, especially James HOLLARS (Ky.) and STURGEON brothers, discharged on Dec. 21, 1918, and who remember C. W. ROACH.

1ST CAV., TROOP L, Ft. Apache, Ariz., 1919—Former officers and men who recall ptomaine poisoning suffered by James SAUNDERS, wagoner of Supply Troop, on march from Ft. Apache to Holbrook, Ariz., about July 1 or 2, 1919. No medical officer along and SAUNDERS was carried in wagon. Also Sgt. Doc JONES, Stable Sgt. PINSKY, and the private who drove for Saunders.

13TH F. A., BTRY. A, 4TH DIV.—Former members, especially Arkanslo GENAVESE (San Francisco) who cared for Pvt. Theodore SODERSTROM during illness in Meuse-Argonne Offensive.


110TH F. S. BN., Co. C, 35TH DIV.—Former members, including Sgts. LIVINGSTON LANNING, Ed HORACK and PAUL, Lt. Roland B. REINGARDT, Ed SHAUGNESSY and Arthur RINGLE, to assist Julius SPATH establish claim account severe shell-shock suffered at Cheppy Ridge, Meuse-Argonne Offensive.

339TH INF., Co. L, North Russia Campaign—Former members can assist Ralph M. TONN with claim.

138TH INF., Co. A—Statement from George R. SEGWALD (formerly of Detroit and Farmington, Mich.) to support claim of John VALENTINE account rupture sustained during service. Present disability diagnosed as inguinal hernia and chronic bronchitis.

137TH F. A., BTRY. F—Former comrades, including Sgt. Hollis TURNER (Rensselaer, Ind.) and Cpls. James BEARD (Mishawaka, Ind.) and James TRAIN (South Bend, Ind.), can assist Benjamin F. WITHERBEE to establish claim account injury to spine, neck and left shoulder during war.

JOHN J. NOLL  
The Company Clerk



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## More Beds

(Continued from page 36)

provided for the care of the sick and disabled, and 56 Veterans Administration hospitals have been built or taken over by the Administration for this purpose. The diseases and disabilities have been so many and varied, however, that it has been necessary to change completely the original character of many of these hospitals.

Hospitals constructed for tuberculous patients are not generally adapted for general medical or mental cases. Consequently, with a decrease in the number of tuberculous patients and the gradual increase in the number of neuro-psychiatric cases, the Administration has been confronted with the problem of providing accommodations and facilities to hospitalize properly the victims of mind and nerves.

A \$15,950,000 program for new hospital construction largely to care for the increase in the mental load was approved in December, 1929. It has helped save the situation. The American Legion sponsored the effort. Several projects authorized in this program are now nearing completion, and others are well under way.

It has been necessary in the past to transform temporarily certain hospitals to accommodate neuro-psychiatric cases. Ward space has been readjusted in existing Administration hospitals for this class of patients as has been warranted by minimum cubic air bed space per patient and other sanitary necessities.

It is estimated that fully 5,000 men are now awaiting hospitalization.

The American Legion national convention held at Boston in October, 1930, resolved to ask Congress for an appropriation of \$52,000,000 to provide 13,200 additional hospital beds for the load to be anticipated when such facilities shall become available. At the Detroit convention last October, the organization went on record for 11,677 beds at an estimated cost of \$50,000,000. This would take care of the hospital situation to date. Experience shows that it takes approximately three years for a new hospital project to be completed and turned over for services after it is authorized.

At the eleventh hour, the session of Congress which adjourned on March 4, 1931, appropriated \$20,877,000 to provide approximately six thousand beds for non-service-connected cases.

But the conditions are now critical. Hundreds of mentally incompetent veterans are clamoring for admission to hospitals all over the country. In certain sections there are also too few beds for general medical and surgical cases. Many regional offices of the Veterans Administration have long waiting lists of veterans needing hospital treatment and the Administration is powerless to care for them because of the shortage of available beds.

Many veterans suffering with mental diseases are confined in overcrowded State

and county institutions and even some in jails because of the shortage of Administration hospital beds. The Veterans Administration is pushing the construction of its new hospitals as rapidly as possible, but is apparently unable to keep pace with needs.

Congress originally made provision for care at government expense of only those cases which were service connected. Later Congress liberalized this policy and provided that all hospital facilities under the control and jurisdiction of the Administration would be available for every honorably discharged veteran of any war, suffering from neuro-psychiatric or tubercular ailments and kindred diseases, regardless of whether or not such disabilities were due to military service. The act also authorized payment of traveling expenses for those receiving hospitalization under this section. The Administration is authorized under this provision to set aside space for such patients so far as existing government facilities permit.

In many instances the Administration must turn a deaf ear to applications because beds are not available, and men are obliged to remain at home, a burden upon their relatives, or enter charitable institutions maintained by counties and States.

The Administration feels that it is manifestly its primary duty to consider first of all those mentally deficient and insane veterans whose condition is a direct result of their military service. In most hospitals practically all space is now being utilized and the hospitals have become overcrowded.

The Administration follows each mental case through its social work department. Many patients can best be cared for in their own homes. Accordingly, parole has been encouraged for as many patients as possible.

In most of the neuro-psychiatric hospitals the problem has been to keep the patients busy. It has been proved that there are few activities to which a man suffering from a decided mental deterioration will readily adapt himself. Various forms of occupational therapy have been undertaken in the hospitals.

The Government exercises only custodial care without unnecessary restraint in cases of this nature. It is not authorized except upon legal commitment to retain indefinitely or indiscriminately psychotic patients against their own wishes or the expressed desires of their guardians, nearest relatives or other responsible persons.

An attorney is attached to each Regional office of the Administration throughout the United States to look after the interests of the mentally irresponsible men in the mental hospitals. For some years the Government was embarrassed by defalcations of guardians and conservators of the estates of mentally deficient veterans. Numerous



prosecutions resulted. Trust companies and banks have now been substituted for many individuals.

Patients of all classes under treatment on November 30, 1931, numbered 43,233. Of these, 18,875 were hospitalized for a neuro-psychiatric disability, 7,574 for tuberculosis, 16,596 for general medical or surgical disability, and 188 more Veteran Administration cases.

These patients were being cared for in 66 Veterans Administration hospitals, including the soldiers homes, 43 other government institutions and two hundred fifty-seven civil and State hospitals and sanatoriums. State institutions are used by the Government almost exclusively for surplus neuro-psychiatric patients.

The American Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee maintains an extensive organization in Washington, headed by Chairman Watson B. Miller, to obtain adequate hospitalization for all disabled veterans.

The American Legion has sponsored, written or assisted in writing practically all of the legislation which has been enacted by Congress for the benefit of the disabled veterans. The Legion is chartered by Congress to do this work and files an annual report with Congress.

More beds in the Army and Navy hos-

pitals might be utilized by the Veterans Administration for the treatment of sick veterans if it were not for the diversified control and the apparent lack of arrangements to spend more money for hospitalization of veterans. Recently arrangements were perfected at the urgent and persistent request of the Legion whereby approximately 2500 additional Army and Navy beds were made available for Veterans Administration beneficiaries. There are 2,145 Army beds and 5,180 Navy beds now allocated to the Veterans Administration for this purpose. Hundreds more of sick veterans could be hospitalized in Army and Navy hospitals if arrangements were made for utilization of vacant beds in these hospitals.

As a single example, there are approximately 1,780 beds at Fitzsimons Hospital, Denver, Colorado, maintained by the War Department. Until recently the Veterans Administration allotment at Fitzsimons was 800 beds. It was reduced to 650. Strenuous objection of the Legion caused a restoration of 50 of these beds. There are often from 400 to 500 vacant beds at this institution, which are badly needed, but which cannot be utilized by Veterans Administration beneficiaries because of the difficulty in making arrangements with the War Department.

## The Little Fellows

(Continued from page 23)

have something to do. He bought the business back, for a tenth of what he had sold it for, taking his son in with him as unofficial partner.

It was with the son that I talked. He had on a greasy old pair of trousers and was out in the shop talking with a workman. We went into the office. "Yes," he admitted as he sat down in his greasy old clothes, "I'm the general manager, and also the sales manager, office manager and stenographic force of this company."

He told me of the tussle they had had to get the business rehabilitated. They had taken it over in 1928. "I went to the three big chains that had been our best customers," he said. "I tried to explain that we were going to give them a quality product again. Two of them threw me out, and the third wouldn't listen to me. Then I went to some smaller chains. I got some of them to accept small orders on consignment; that is, take them on credit and pay nothing until they had actually sold them. They sold them—and re-ordered."

Now, after two years, they are selling to the big chains as well as little ones.

Another small concern that I have recently come across makes gearshifts for motor boats. It has never employed more than one hundred and twenty hands. The depression has affected it, but it is keeping on every worker who has been with it more than a year, through the four-day week.

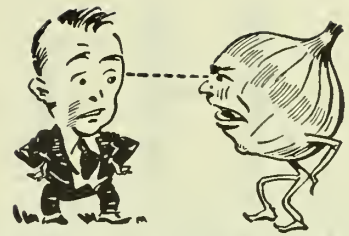
Here is the case of a corset manufacturer

—a man of exceptional ability who had a row with the management of an old established firm. He has branched out on his own, and in a little more than a year and a half he has built up enough business to keep a force of five hundred hands employed. He is a good salesman, has a keen sense of the style factor which is important in this business, and he is also a capable production man.

An insurance man of machine tool training decided to buy out a concern that had been making a machine used for reclaiming the oil from the metal shavings that commonly litter the floor of a machine shop. He improved the machine, developed a hundred and one new industrial uses for it. Even in these times of depression he maintains a force of four or five chemists and research workers and a payroll of 120.

One small company that is flourishing these difficult days makes vacuum cleaners. It forestalled the effects of the depression by getting out a midget-sized sweeper, handy for odd jobs such as cleaning up cigarette ashes or dusting out the car. It is made of bakelite, and for that reason is especially light weight. The big companies had thought of a midget sweeper but they hadn't thought of making it of bakelite.

One advantage that the man in a small business often has is that it's relatively easier for him to get into something else if the line that he's in doesn't pay.



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# Think Fast!

(Continued from page 4)

sportsman of all time calls continually upon his brain. Who is that sportsman? A little child learning to walk. Watch him and see if you don't agree. Observe with what courage and hardihood he leaves the chair, deserts that protecting hand to seek adventure in the unknown. Notice how every fibre of his body is filled with cunning calculation, how he is thinking every instant. The earliest instance of the use of the brain in sport, of the athlete thinking on his feet.

Often athletic stars possess brains but park them outside the stadium. To have a head and not use it is worse than not possessing one. Failure to think at a critical moment has cost many a quarter-back championship games, has deprived more than one athlete of a title. Had José Jurado, picturesque young Argentine professional, kept his head last year at Carnoustie, Scotland, he would now be the holder of the highest prize in golf, the British Open Championship.

With the cream of the golfing world contending, nobody figured Jurado had a chance. But he surprised them all in the opening days and got into the finals with Tommy Armour. As a matter of fact he kept up his winning stride in the finals and at lunchtime was five up on Armour. The Prince of Wales, who had met Jurado in the Argentine, followed him around, and Jurado was highly pleased with his chances of getting the championship. But on the last two holes, when he needed only par golf to win he became careless, got hopelessly fozzled, and Tommy Armour and North America took the championship by a stroke. Jurado had stopped thinking for just a few minutes, and it had been fatal to his chances.

Gavvy Cravath, the old manager of the Philadelphia National League Baseball Club, used to say that he didn't judge a pitcher by the way he threw a ball, but by the intelligence he showed with runners on base. The thing that always made Ty Cobb such a superstar was the fact that he thought on his feet. He had brains and used them in action. His skill, his speed, his amazing reflexes, all these helped him, but the quality that helped most was his wits.

One of the most superb examples of quick thinking in action that I have ever seen took place in the Army-Notre Dame football game of 1930. Marchmont Schwartz had just scored for Notre Dame, and Carideo was kicking from his own 15-yard line, when King of the Army broke through and blocked the kick, the ball rolling over the goal line. King started after it. Beside him was his teammate Trice, while dashing across the field was a Notre Dame player. Instantly King pulled up short. As the Notre Dame player neared them, King took him out, while Trice lumbered over the line and fell on the ball for a touchdown. That's fast thinking on your feet.

One of the most magnificent exhibitions of thinking in action, of brains bringing victory to a player, that I have ever seen was given by Mrs. Helen Wills Moody, the American tennis champion, during the matches for the Wightman Cup at Wimbledon, England, in 1930. She was opposed that afternoon to Mrs. Holcroft Watson, the No. 1 player of the British team whom she had always beaten easily.

But it so happened that the Englishwoman was at the peak of her game; the harder the American drove, the harder the ball came back at her feet. The match became a ferocious duel from the baseline in which for the first time in her career the champion was being hit off the court. This player whom she had beaten easily several times, was going like mad, turning back her best shots for aces and passing her with stinging drives down the line. Soon the score was five games to love against her. A perilous situation.

Most players would have faltered at this unexpected challenge. It was exactly the same situation in which the great Suzanne Lenglen cracked and went to pieces against Mrs. Molla Mallory ten years earlier. But instead of weakening, the American started to fight with her head as well as her hand. She was thinking on her feet. Trailing 5-0, she did not chuck the set; instead she changed her game entirely. Forsaking those peaceful returns which drew fire from her opponent's racquet, she lifted the arc of her drives, offered her opponent a slower ball, one much more difficult to hit. The Englishwoman was obliged to create her own speed. This she did not like at all. Reaching set point, she doublefaulted nervously. Finally Mrs. Moody won that game, her first in the match. Still faced by defeat, however, the champion played the next few games with greater skill than ever. She dulled the blade of her adversary's weapon by soft shots with a high tangent that fell gently upon the turf; gradually her art dominated the center court, not a movement, not a gesture too much; but when a movement was necessary she was never for a second at a loss for the correct stroke. It was the game of a champion produced at the ultimate moment. Mrs. Watson was checked, then subdued, then conquered. Seven straight games went to the American, while her opponent won only two more during the contest.

Which is thinking in a crisis. But of all thinking athletes no one has ever received such praise—and deservedly—as Captain Barry Wood of last year's Harvard football eleven. Here was a lad whose last-minute passes, whipped clean and true down the field, had won game after game for the Crimson. His quick thinking had pulled him invariably from the worst situations; now a field goal when the other side expected a pass, now by running with the ball when his (Continued on page 60)

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## PATENTS

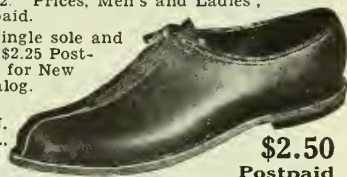
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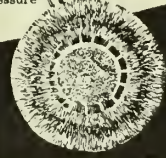
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## Think Fast!

(Continued from page 59)

opponents were waiting for a kick. Yet the best thinking he ever did came on the final play of the ultimate game of his career, his last play as the defeated captain of a hitherto unbeaten eleven.

Yale in that desperately fought contest had punched over a field goal, the only score of the game. Minutes ebbed by and Harvard was backed well up into her own territory. Finally there was time for only a single play. The ball went to Wood. He ran toward his own goal, while down the field sped the Crimson ends, watching, waiting eagerly for one of those famous last second passes which would pull the game from the fire. He lifted his arm to throw. But no receiver was free. He tried to get the ball away when suddenly two figures in blue dashed him to the ground. Right on his own goal line.

There the whistle blew. The game was over.

Barry Wood, victor of three successive games over his great rival, most famous of Harvard stars, captain of an eleven un-

defeated up to that moment, hero of a dozen hard fought triumphs, ended that game which above all others he desired to win, flat on his back on his own goal line. It was tragic, but there it was. In big golden letters the figures on the big electric scoreboard above his head gleamed through the dusk; **HARVARD 0 VISITORS 3.**

Then came Barry Wood's greatest play. The most magnificent play of his career, the play that showed he never stopped thinking no matter what the odds or how the score stood. While pandemonium reigned over the field, while fur-coated figures swooped down to demolish the goal-posts, while the happy and exultant Blue eleven, forgetting everything in their triumph ran for the showers, Wood still kept his head. In a husky, tired voice he called his tattered team around him as is the custom for every captain upon the field after every football game.

"All right men, reg'lar cheer for Yale."

That's pretty good brainwork. And it's fairly good sportsmanship too.

## Deadlier Than Dynamite

(Continued from page 11)

by the flowing gasoline. So the first lesson to be learned by the average man is simple enough and starts right here: *Never fill your car's gas tank without making certain that the metal nozzle of the supply hose is in contact with the metal rim of the gas tank.* That expedient will ground any static that may be generated, diverting it through the metal parts instead of permitting it to spark in mid-air where it may hit the vapor.

This is an important detail, for scientific tests have shown that as much as 400 to 500 volts of electricity can be generated in a gasoline supply hose by the friction of the flowing liquid. Indeed, there are times when the most ordinary movement of this stuff seems to produce the fatal spark; merely pouring it from one can to another without contacting the cans can cause an explosion—and those who remember the days when gasoline was strained through chamois may have noticed that the practice has long since been discarded by those who know gasoline because of the number of explosions it caused.

The natural question, of course, is why don't we have more explosions if it is so easy to generate static? One answer is that those who handle gasoline professionally know enough about it to be extremely careful—witness the chain you'll see dangling behind every modern tank truck to ground any static that may be generated in the vehicle.

Another is that the contributing spark must come at a time when the mixture is "ripe" or properly proportioned with air, for too rich a mixture will not go off. And

a third, as far as static is concerned, is that the dampness of the atmosphere has to be at a certain point to enable the air to convey the spark, hence it is when the relative humidity is around fifty-five percent or lower that static does its work. These factors are not measurable by ordinary human senses and that is why dry-cleaning plants install costly machines to measure the relative humidity and to moisten the atmosphere automatically when the 60 percent mark is reached. And that, by the way, is why explosions in big dry-cleaning establishments are rare compared to the number we have in Tom Jones' one-car garage or Bert Smith's kitchen!

It is the average man and his wife who are the victims of these chemical antics either in life, in injury or in monetary loss. Look through the reports of the typical city fire department today, just to touch on one phase, and you will find that 10 percent of all the fires reported were automobile fires on the street. Look further and you will find that out of a list of about thirty-five different known origins of these outbreaks, gasoline in one form or other accounts for about 37 percent of the total.

This will be even more obvious to you if you have ever had occasion to see one of those "wise guys" demonstrate a popular fallacy that "gasoline is not explosive." The method is standard: lighting a match, the intrepid experimenter will plunge it into an open can of gasoline and show you that the fluid extinguishes the flame. The only flaw in the argument is that nobody says gasoline is explosive: it is gasoline



vapor that does the trick. If you ever have occasion to doubt my statement, just remember the rating the government experts give this stuff: *eighty-three times more powerful than dynamite.*

The fundamentals to keep in mind regarding gasoline hazards, then, are logical enough: first, make every provision for static, and second, be careful to avoid letting it vaporize any more than is necessary. It is the height of folly to let gasoline stand around in an open container or in any vessel not securely capped—it is likewise foolish to permit any leaks in tanks, cans, gas lines of automobiles, motor boats, etc. The thing to remember is that it isn't the quantity of liquid present that is important—it is the vast amount of vapor produced. The more vapor you have, the sooner you'll have the fireworks. It follows naturally that drainings from crank cases, rags or other refuse saturated with gasoline should not be left around indoors.

Because of the specific gravity of this vapor, it is also important to avoid using it whenever possible (or even leaving it exposed) in locations that are below grade level. To the average man this usually means the cellar of his house or the garage that may have a space or void under-

neath the floor where drippings may find their way. Gasoline vapor always seeks the lowest level—it does not rise as most vapors do—and if it finds a location below grade, ordinary ventilation methods will not remove it for a long time. This is clearly demonstrated by the number of garage mechanics who have been roasted to death in those open-air repair pits that were so popular a few years ago.

It goes without saying that the private, domestic garage should be adequately ventilated. Windows and especially doors should be left open as much as possible.

Heat, of course, and open flame are excellent things to keep far away from gasoline. Cans containing it should never be left near heat pipes or furnaces or radiators or even left exposed to the sun outdoors, for when gasoline is heated under confinement it expands so forcefully that it shatters metal containers as if they were paper.

The fact I can't forget is that gasoline vapor is eighty-three times more powerful than dynamite. And it seems to me that if more laymen would look at it in that light, we would have far less trouble than we do because they would then handle it with considerably more sense.

## The Road of Least Resistance

(Continued from page 20)

unfortunately, sometimes takes to the air. During the period under review there were in miscellaneous flying sixty-one accidents due to acrobatics, which are absolutely forbidden in all kinds of passenger carrying flights for hire. Thirty-nine of these accidents were fatal. Twenty-two of them took place during student instruction or experimental work where stunt flying is sometimes a part of the job. Nine occurred in what is listed as "commercial" work, which in this case probably means exhibitions where the entertainer takes his chances to please the crowd. But thirty of the stunt accidents occurred in amateur flying, where they were unnecessary, and where the operators, as a whole, are far from seasoned aviators, and usually know less about keeping a plane in condition than they do about flying it.

The private operation of planes which causes more accidents and more casualties than any other type of flying, is one of the things which, like memories of the barnstorming epoch, cause the general public to over-emphasize the risks of travel by air. To most newspaper readers a crash is a crash. They do not differentiate between the various types of flying involved. Really, the average person who wishes to fly is not exposed to the dangers that have made airplane accidents a too-common feature of the news. The aircraft available to him are the scheduled liners or commercial planes at established fields that take up passengers for a short ride at so much a head. This type of flying is safe. Pilots

are licensed and regularly examined. They are men of steady habits. Planes and fields are subject to rigid supervision, and there are no acrobatics with paid passengers on board. If it's excitement you want you would do better to go to your local Coney Island and take a ride on the roller coaster.

Most of all it is a mistake, which I know some of my fellow ex-servicemen make, to permit recollections of the war to color one's views of present-day aviation. The war-time flier learned his job under one set of conditions, and the present-day flier learns under another which are as different as day from night. Safety was incidental in those days. It is paramount now.

Go to an airport where the liners finish a run. You will notice that the pilot is older than the "kids" who flew in 1917 and '18. In fact he may be one of those "kids" grown up and settled down, or he may be a pioneer of the air mail. Usually he is married, and as likely as not you will see him climb from his ship, head for a small automobile at the side of the field and drive off with his wife and youngsters to spend an evening at home no different from yours or mine. That man thinks as much of his neck as you think of yours and is just as capable of taking care of it.

*An article by Mr. Young telling just how Department of Commerce inspectors conduct their investigations of airplane accidents will appear in an early issue.*

## Deformed or Injured Back

### Thousands of Remarkable Cases

A Man, helpless, unable to stand or walk, yet was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. An Old Lady of 72 years, suffered for many years, was helpless, found relief. A Little Child, paralyzed, was playing about the house in 3 weeks. A Rail Road man, dragged under a switch engine and his back broken, reports instant relief and ultimate cure. We have successfully treated over fifty-nine thousand cases in the past 30 years.

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MEN and WOMEN DEFEND YOURSELF and loved ones against attack by gun, knife, club or bullies. Handle violent or demented persons with ease. Latest book on approved AMERICAN POLICE JIU-JITSU by internationally known police instructor. 151 illustrations with detailed instructions, pocket size. 13 knockout blows without using fists. Send one dollar to S. J. Jorgensen, Dept. U912, Lloyd Bldg., Seattle, Wash., or C. O. D.



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To take orders and deliver home necessities in this locality. Permanent, pleasant, dignified work with old responsible Company. Must be industrious and willing to work steady for good pay. Give age, occupation, references; mention minimum salary—profits expected in first letter. Write (don't call) Retail Sales Division, W. T. Rawleigh Co., Dept. E-29-ALM, Freeport, Ill.







## DRUM CORPS EQUIPMENT CATALOG

Everyone interested in a present drum corps, or in organizing a new outfit, should have a copy of the new Ludwig drum corps equipment catalog, a handsome book just off the press.

Complete equipment for corps, with the latest model Ludwig drums and accessories, fully illustrated and described. Packed with information developed in Ludwig's many years' experience equipping prize-winning corps. Send coupon now for your copy, sent free, postage prepaid.

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Gentlemen: Without obligation please send me your new drum corps equipment catalog.

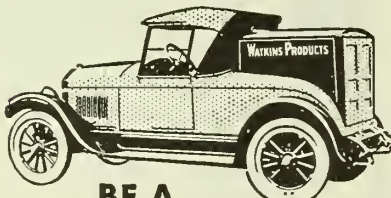
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Be a Watkins Dealer. Operate your own store on wheels. Supply demand for World's Largest Selling Vanilla, coffee, necessary food products, soaps, cleansers, things people want and use every day. 60 year reputation and 7200 successful dealers assure your success. Watkins known everywhere. Earn \$35.00 to \$50.00 a week from the start. We furnish credit. Show you how. Mail coupon for big free book of facts.



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Your name.....  
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Town..... State.....

# The Will Finds the Way

(Continued from page 27)

co-operation of engineers, architects and contractors. Cards showing 1000 of these properties were distributed by a committee of one representative from each of the three groups. The general committee forwarded letters to these owners and furnished each worker with credentials, survey pads and pledges.

The solicitation of homes and smaller neighborhood business is done by solicitors furnished by the Legion, make-a-job committee and other reliable volunteers.

The Executive Committee secured the full co-operation of the newspapers. The editorial page and news and advertising columns have given very generous space to this campaign.

This plan asks no charity, means a saving to the property owner, relieves unemployment conditions and leaves each owner free to purchase materials and have the work done by those of his own choosing.

Is the plan successful? Pledges of over \$70,000 a day were obtained during the drive, the total in the middle of January reaching \$2,037,199. Pledges run from \$25 up.

Is the work being done? In every instance where work was to be commenced at once it is under way. Plans that call for work later in the year are now getting under way or will be under way within a short time.

Is it suitable to any community? Yes, the community, large or small, may be divided and sub-divided so that the property owners or lessors may be seen and urged to do the job now.

**RICHLAND POST**  
Columbia, South Carolina

A COMMITTEE on Unemployment and Relief was appointed to get jobs for unemployed and to collect old clothes, food and money. Richland Post contributes toward maintenance of a federal employment officer, and county, city and service organizations also assist. Idea—registrations and placements.

Post service officer assists with claims and in other ways helps the unemployed.

Employment plan of Richland County was sponsored by chamber of commerce, ministerial union, churches, service organizations, labor organizations, patriotic organizations and citizenship in general to obtain pledges in a city-wide campaign for repair work of all kinds in an effort to obtain "Jobs for the Jobless." Obtained \$124,000 in pledges. Post commander, chaplain, and chairman of unemployment and relief committee very active in this campaign.

Sound trailer used in all of the moving picture houses boosting morale in general.

Letters written to contractors on government hospital here asking that preference be given ex-service men. Letters written

to the Veterans Bureau about the same thing. Favorable replies in all cases. Individual assistance by members of the post to buddies out of work in the form of contacts with them, writing letters for them, getting jobs for them.

The chairman of the committee on unemployment and relief is also the president of the local federation of trades here. The service officer, a Past Post Commander and the coroner, who knows everyone in the county, were members of this committee also. The federal employment officer is an ex-service man. The president, vice-president, secretary and assistant secretary of the chamber of commerce are members of the Legion.

**SAMUEL W. SOUTHARD POST**  
Waitsburg, Washington

IN OUR locality, which is a wheat raising community, population around 1000, situated in a fertile valley, the people are mostly of the farming and retired-farmer class, and we have very little foreign element and no colored people. In regard to wealth per capita we rank among the average cities of our State.

Last fall our post appointed a committee which took up with the city council, the local chamber of commerce and the three churches of the city the matter of organizing for relief work. A central executive committee with representatives of these organizations was formed, to act as a clearing house for giving out jobs and other forms of help. Our post maintained a community woodpile for transients, and this wood was distributed to the needy.

We also secured a vacant building and gathered up clothing and food and distributed it to the needy. When a needy case came up we would secure relief (financial) through the various channels, namely county aid, civic relief fund, American Legion county soldiers fund, or government aid. There was no overlapping of aid nor was anyone overlooked. In regard to employment this central committee kept in close contact with the city officials, state road commission, and county commissioners and the farmers of the community.

We have a local Civic Relief Fund which we secured through benefit dances, socials and voluntary subscriptions, which we use for urgent relief cases, to help a comrade to live until he can find work. For our community this system has been very successful, and this year has been one to give any plan a thorough test.

**ROBBINS McMULLIN POST**  
Grand Junction, Colorado

HERE is our plan: 1. Organize a two-bit club. This is known as painless charity. Everybody in town is a member



**SELLS FOR ONLY 25¢**

**Yet Pays Men and Women  
\$10 to \$15 IN A DAY!**

Imagine an article which sells so fast and so easily that, in spite of its amazingly low price—only 25¢—even spare time workers make up to \$5.00 or more in a day and 2 or 3 times that much for full time. That's exactly what scores of agents are doing with PUILO, an amazing new discovery that is sure death to moths and banishes unpleasant odors as if by magic. Works on entirely new principle—no spraying, sprinkling or disagreeable odors—just hang it up and forget it. Housewives attracted instantly by its pleasing perfume—buy eagerly 4 to 12 at a time. Regular retail value certain to every customer. Large size sample. Free. An independent lifetime BIG MONEY business yours for the asking. ADVERTISED IN and GUARANTEED BY Good Luck Magazine. Write **THE PURO CO., Inc., Dept. E-91, 3107 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.**



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**SAVASOLE**  
Pays Agents up to \$42 Daily  
Take orders for this amazing plastic shoe repair. Resoles shoes in minutes for as low as 4 1/2¢. No nails or tools necessary. Just roll out and trim to size. Welds on to old sole. No muss. No bother. Fills all cracks and breaks. Waterproof, flexible, non-skid. Dries hard and smooth over night. 1001 other uses in addition to cheap, easy shoe repairs. **EVERYBODY BUYS.**

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Looks like leather. Wears better than most leather. Guaranteed. Agents earn up to \$42 daily. Smith made \$135.00 his first week. No experience. Start in spare time if you can't give it full time at first. Write for free sample NOW.

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**Boils Water Instantly!**

Vitally needed in every home is the amazing new Super-Lux, Double Action Water Heater recently perfected. Entirely new principle—just plug into any 110 volt light socket and—**ZOOM!**—almost instantly, water is seething, scalding hot! Ideal for bathing, cleaning, washing dishes and scores of household uses. Unbelievable efficiency and amazing economy! Write today for full description, generous introductory offer and sensational money-making plan.

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New plan of demonstrating Marvelight rolls agent's sales up to \$50.00 a day. Write for details of amazing free offer today.

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A BINDER suitable for preserving your copies of **THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY**. This binder is strong, artistic in design, beautifully embossed in gold, and made of blue artificial leather. Binders can be purchased for volumes I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII, VIII, IX, X, XI and XII. The current volume is No. XII. The price of this binder is \$1.00 each, postpaid, in the United States. In foreign countries, add to remittance estimated postage.

**THE AMERICAN LEGION MONTHLY**  
P. O. Box 1357, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

and pays twenty-five cents a week into the club. In our town from \$200 to \$300 is raised weekly.

2. Elect head effendi (president) and his officers. Every store, office, factory in town is organized, with someone in the organization elected to make collections on same day every week and have the money ready when the chief collector calls for it.

3. Appoint complaint judge, a guy with plenty of humor. Every day he fines somebody on a crazy charge. Example: Baldheaded mayor is fined two-bits for trying to get a permanent wave in beauty parlor. Notices of fines published daily in newspaper. This keeps everybody interested in the idea.

4. Employ unemployed heads of families, giving each enough weekly work to keep his family fairly comfortable. Two-bit club money is spent in this way on civic work, fixing roads, cleaning town, or public buildings.

The plan is successful—it is painless—interest is 100 percent—bank presidents and stenographers can all help—unemployed are given work—civic work is done—the longer it runs the more money you collect each week if the fine angle is played correctly. It can be worked anywhere.

**GREENTOWN POST**  
Greentown, Indiana

**IN LATE 1930**, on the initiative of **Greentown Post**, the various organizations of our town organized a board of control for relief, thus doing away with helter-skelter employment effort and overlapping of relief endeavor in our town of two thousand people. The relief work since that time has been carried on by departments of the board of control, the chairman of each department being responsible to the board.

Anyone in the town donating to the cause becomes a member of the community relief association. The finance department promotes activities for raising money, the collection department secures food-stuffs and clothing, the welfare department investigates cases of need, its recommendations for relief being carried out by the distribution department. The work of the membership and publicity departments needs no explanation.

After two years the above plan has proved to be workable and popular. Authority is thus placed for certain persons to carry on. Workers are more willing, also assume responsibility, knowing it rests on them.

The public is willing and ready to donate to the single relief agency, knowing there will be no other drives.

Of course the Legion post now has no part in the work, other than individual participation. However, we submit the idea. For the plan to be used in any community, it is necessary for one organization to outline it and invite the rest to join. We did that.

**8 Inches Off Waistline**

"My waistline went from 42 down to 34 inches. It took only 35 days," says E. D. Lane, of Albany, N. Y. "Director Belt got results. I never felt better in all my life."

Director Belt gets at fat and quickly removes it by gentle vibrating action on the abdomen, causing fat to be absorbed and eliminated. Thousands have proved it and doctors recommend it as a natural way to reduce. Stop drugs, exercises and dieting. Try this easy way.

**SENT ON TRIAL**

Let us prove our claims. We'll send a Director for trial. If you don't get results you owe nothing. You don't risk a penny. Write for trial offer, doctors' endorsements and letters from users. Mail the coupon NOW!

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Gentlemen: Without cost or obligation on my part please send me details of your trial offer.

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**How I Stepped Into a Big-Pay Hotel Job**

By A. L. Cummin

"Think of it! I had no previous hotel experience. Yet, after finishing only one-third of the Lewis Course, I secured a Clerk's position. In **LESS THAN 4 MONTHS** was made Manager at 90% more salary. All due to Lewis Training. Lewis Training has qualified thousands for \$1,800 to \$5,000 a year hotel and institutional positions. Previous experience proved unnecessary. National Employment Service FREE of extra charge. Write name and address in margin and mail today for FREE Book.

**Check Positions in Which You're Interested**  
( ) Manager ( ) Steward ( ) Chief Clerk  
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**LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS**  
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**FLOWER BEADS PAY up to \$90 a Week**  
Lovely flower-like beads spread fragrance of California's fairest blossoms. Every woman buys on sight. You can sell dozens daily. Big profit every sale. Write quick. Get surprise offer.  
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**DRUM CORPS and BAND UNIFORMS**

Picture your drum corps or band smartly attired in Utunco brand uniforms, authentic Legion standards of style and design, sold direct giving you the double benefit of individual tailoring at factory prices. Worn by posts throughout the country, Utunco brand uniforms offer a wide selection of materials and style—elastiques, whipcords and serges. Write today for beautifully illustrated folder and price list.

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SIZE 16" x 20" **89¢**

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# Have you a human ostrich in your home?

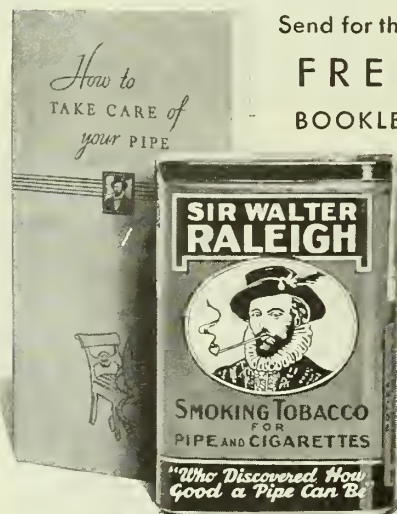


A HUMAN ostrich is a man who smokes an odoriferous crank-case he calls a pipe. Oddly enough, such men go through life thinking no one gets the deadly vapour of their facial volcanoes.

If you know any human ostriches, put them wise to the *mild* tobacco that has stepped into the front rank in three years.

It's called Sir Walter Raleigh, and it's worthy of the noblest name in tobacco history. It's a marvelous blend of Kentucky Burleys. It behaves so well in a good pipe that experienced smokers are turning to it by thousands.

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation  
Louisville, Kentucky, Dept. A25



It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

Send for this  
**FREE**  
BOOKLET

## Portland

(Continued from page 31)

represent were present at the dinner in Mr. Sousa's honor. Speakers recalled Mr. Sousa's great service in training bands in the World War, his leadership of the Marine Corps Band from 1880 to 1892 and his marches, among them "The Legionnaire" and "The Stars and Stripes Forever."

### Wayne Davis Dies

DEATH struck in the front rank of those leading the 1932 campaign for the Legion's objectives when Wayne Davis, chairman of the National Defense Committee, died suddenly of apoplexy at his home in San Antonio, Texas, in March, just after he returned from Washington, D. C. Mr. Davis spent three weeks in Washington, presenting to Congress the Legion's opposition to proposals for the reduction in strength of the Army and Navy.

In 1927, Mr. Davis received The American Legion's National Certificate of Honor awarded for exceptionally meritorious and distinguished service. This was in recognition of his work as chairman of the National Legislative Committee, as member of other important national committees and his other national services. He had been Commander of the Department of Texas and of Alamo Post of San Antonio. Before and after the war, Mr. Davis served as district attorney of the twenty-fourth judicial district of Texas. He served with the Thirty-Sixth Division in France and fought in the Meuse-Argonne offensive.

National Commander Henry L. Stevens, Jr., appointed to succeed Mr. Davis as chairman of the National Defense Committee Albert L. Cox of Raleigh, North Carolina, Past Department Commander and a brigadier general in the Organized Reserve. Mr. Cox was chairman of the committee in 1929.

### For Widows and Orphans

THE AMERICAN LEGION in March was battling against heavy odds to obtain the enactment of a law granting compensation to the widows and orphans of all deceased service men, regardless of whether death was due to disabilities acquired or aggravated in war service. The Legion's proposal was embodied in the Rankin Bill, favorably reported to the House on February 1st, but it immediately became the center of controversy because of two of its provisions. One of these was a "need clause." The other was the inclusion of dependent parents among beneficiaries. The Legion's Detroit convention declared against any need clauses. The inclusion of fathers and mothers as beneficiaries has been opposed by many members of Congress who otherwise favor the measure.

Consideration of the bill was delayed because of the pressure of general legislation. Congress concentrated its attention upon relief measures and other legislation related to the depression.

PHILIP VON BLON



## PUT YOUR CAMERA to WORK FOR YOUR POST

THE Monthly will pay \$20 for the best Legion activity photograph appearing in each issue, \$15 for the second best, \$10 for the third best, and \$5 each for all others published.

You don't have to be an expert photographer to win. If you are an amateur with a kodak, you are as welcome as the professional who uses a lens which cost him as much as an automobile.

We want photos relating in any way to the vast field of interests and activities of the Legion and the Auxiliary. We especially want pictures which tell stories of the unusual or extraordinary things Posts and Units are doing.

The only tests are these: Will the

picture appeal to readers everywhere? Will it entertain or amuse them? Will it impress upon them some powerful lesson of the Legion at work?

The editors will make all selections, and first, second and third prize winners in each issue will be identified. If you wish a photo returned, be sure to include return postage when you send it in.

Send as many pictures as you wish. Address entries to Legion Photograph Editor, The American Legion Monthly, 521 Fifth Avenue, New York City.





# EMBLEM CATALOG

1932



## MEMORIAL DAY SUPPLIES . . .

**P**OST CAPS, arm bands, flags, badges—everything you will require in fittingly observing Memorial Day—is offered in the 1932 Emblem catalog. This interesting booklet is literally crammed with unusual offerings at surprisingly low prices. Even though you may not contemplate buying, write for your copy now. It's free to Legionnaires—no obligation!

**CLIP . . . SIGN . . . MAIL—NOW**

Emblem Division, Nat'l Headquarters  
The American Legion, Indianapolis, Ind.

*Without cost or obligation, send me the 1932  
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"I'll stand  
by it!"



"I'll stand by tobacco . . .  
in good times, in hard times . . .  
all kind of times . . . it helps a whole lot!"

"I grew up with tobacco. And I never got anything but *good* from it! But that goes for every smoker I ever heard about.

"Why, I remember as a boy, way back, how the old folks in the fall used to pick and cure tobacco from a little patch they'd raised, and save out the best for their own smoking.

"They'd certainly appreciate what we get today, though. These Chesterfields now. Fine tobaccos from all over the world, and cured and blended just so; there



isn't anything purer or milder.● Cleanest factories you ever saw, too—everything up to date.

"But what I started out to say was, you can *always* depend on tobacco. No matter how things are going. It means so much to so many people, and costs so little!...Yes, sir—I'll stand up for tobacco as long as I can strike a match!"

• • •  
"MUSIC THAT SATISFIES"

Mondays and Thursdays, Boswell Sisters.  
Tuesdays and Fridays, Alex Gray. Wed-  
nesdays and Saturdays, Ruth Etting.  
Shilkret's Orchestra, every night except  
Sunday. Columbia Network.

● NOTE. In the sections where tobacco grows and where people know tobacco, Chesterfield is usually the largest-selling cigarette.

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